Constellation 1949

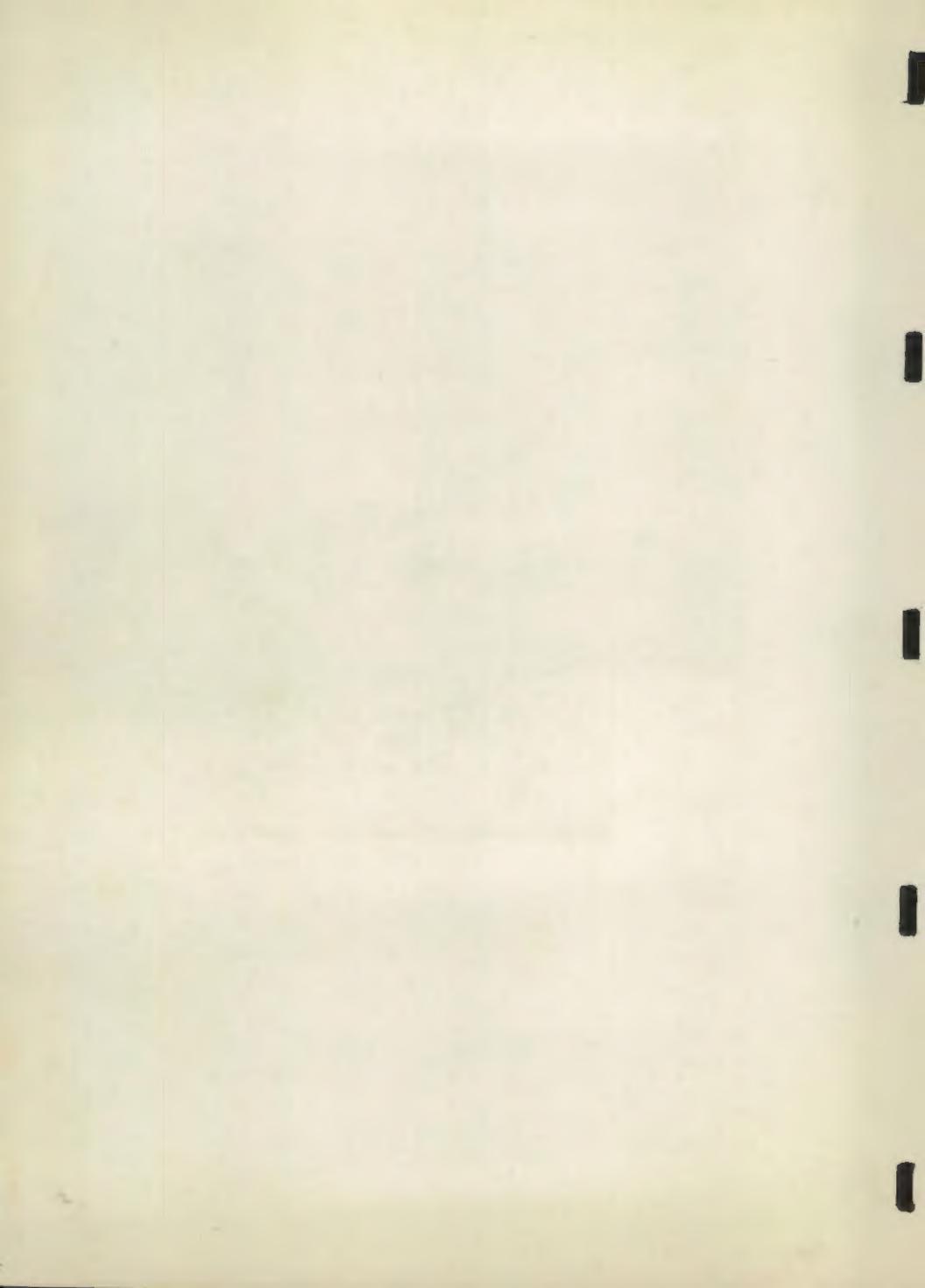


Photo N. C.

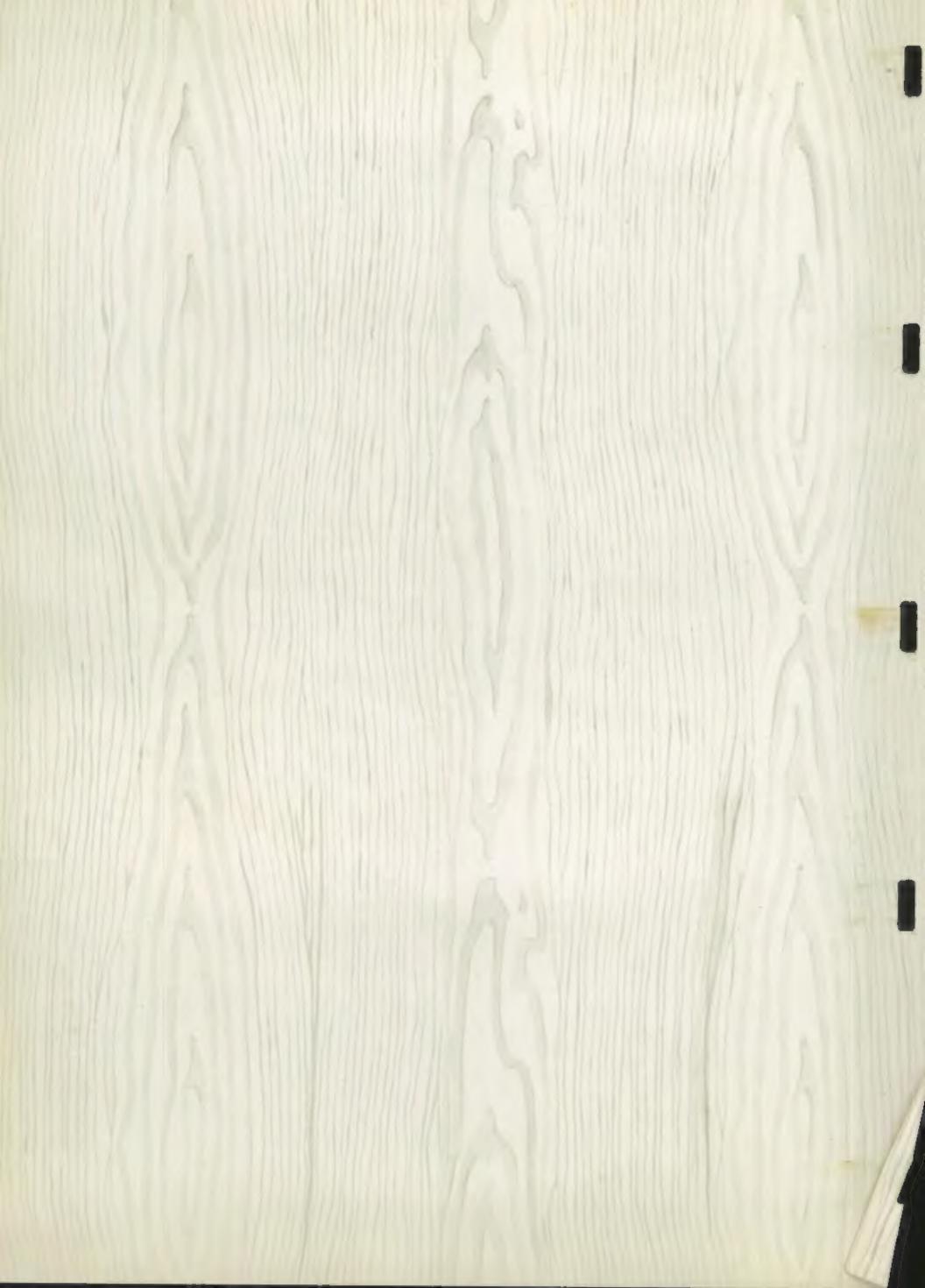
Cynch Graham,

PHOTO BY
NORTH & GRACE LYNCH
GRAHAM. NC 27253
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inspiring leadership helpfulness and kindness her patient guidiance throughout our high school days it is with affection and gratitude that we dedicate this. the third volume of the the Constellation French and English teacher Miss Mary Lewis Jackson

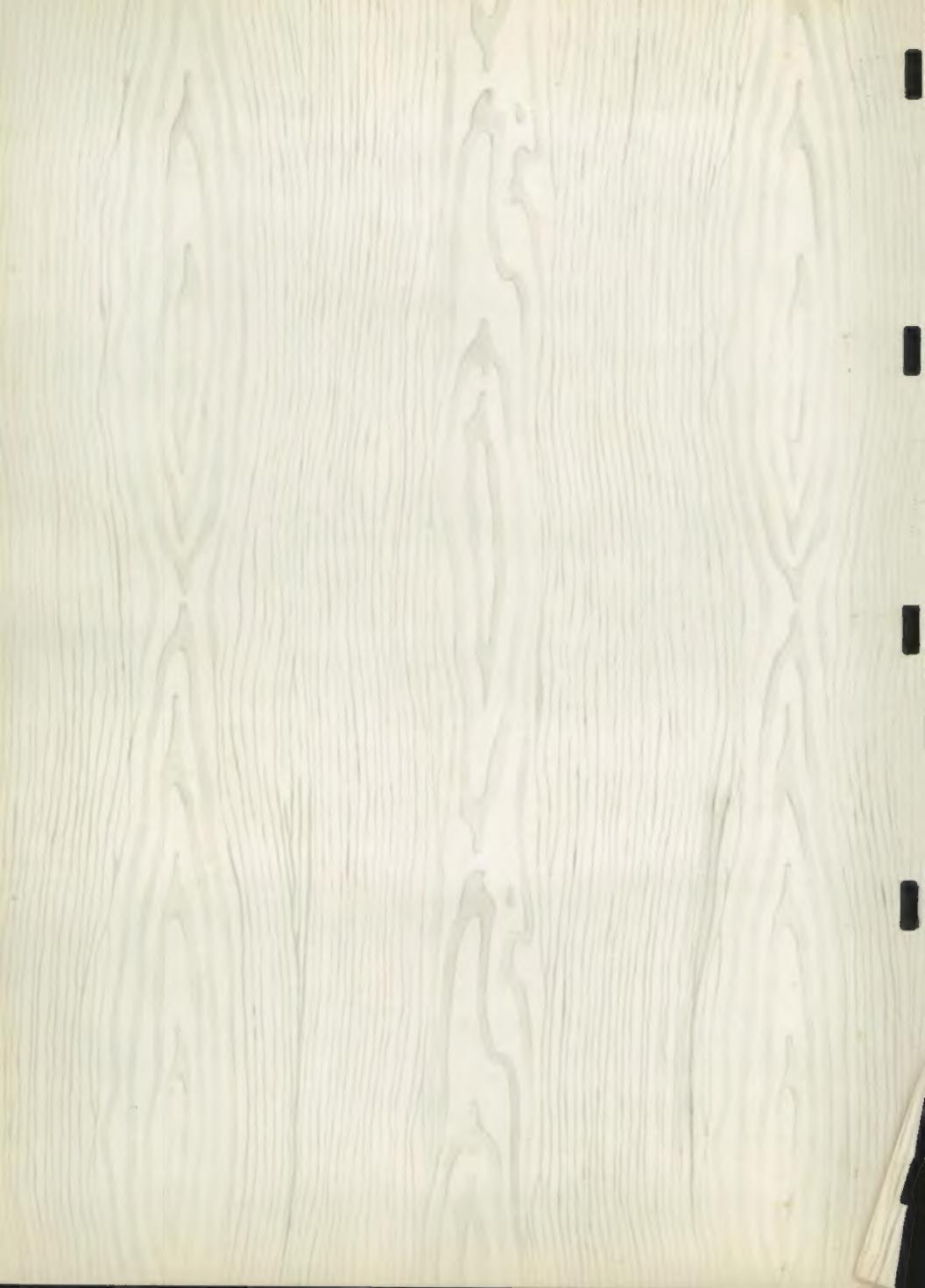


So here's to Alamance - - -



SCHOOL BONG

So here's to our old Alemance
Loyal and bold
Here's to our colors
Which are black and gold
Here's to all our pupils,
Who've had the chance;
Of coming to our school
Dear Alemance.



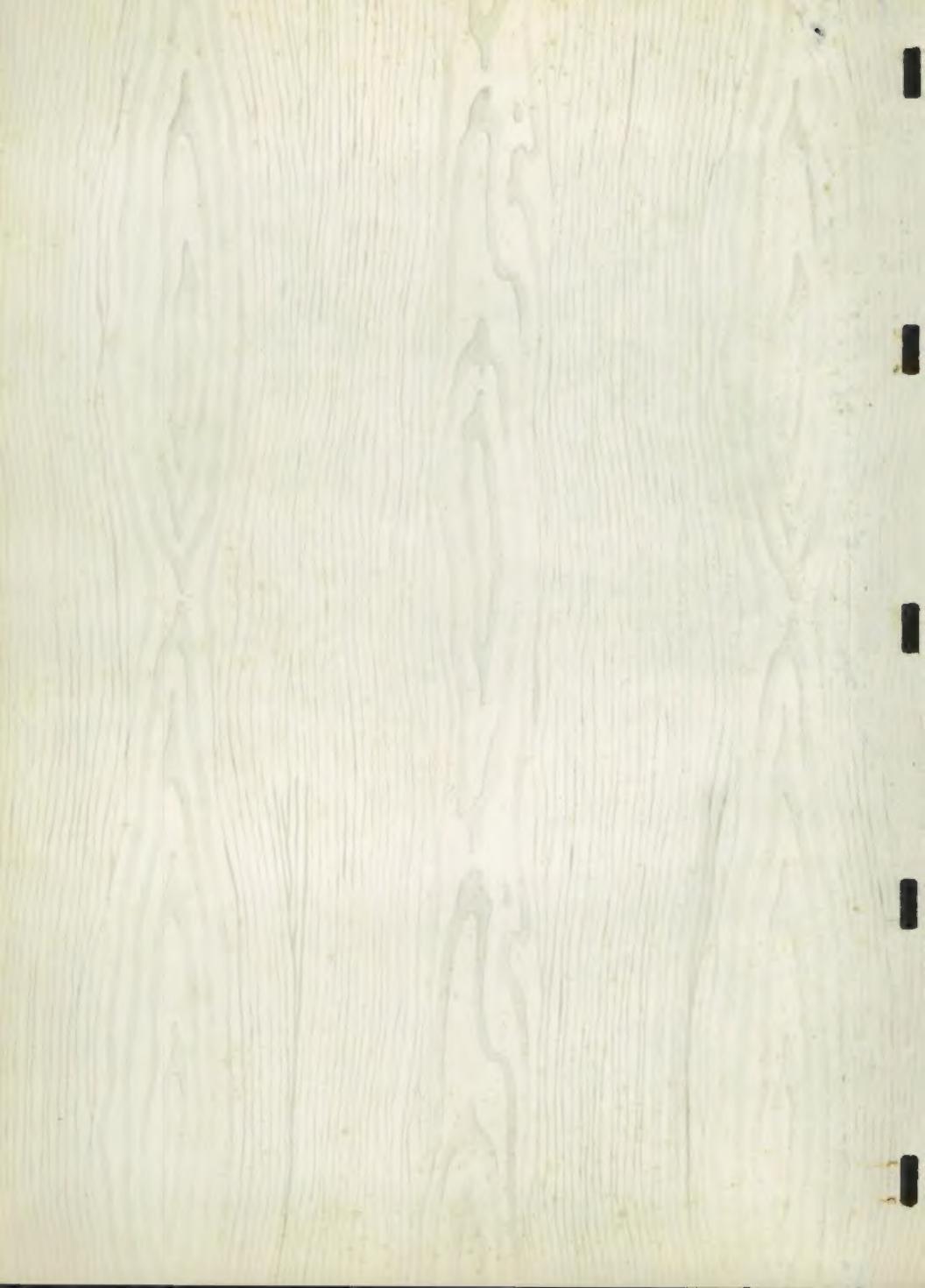


ANNUALSTAFF

Through worry, finance, and pages of copy, the Constellation Staff worked their way, and managed to meet the deadline date in March. In spite of the many trials, production ran smoothly.

This is Alamance High School's third annual. The Staff has attempted to accurately portray life at Alamance School and make a yearbook of which everyone interested should be proud.

The members of the Staff are:



FACULTY



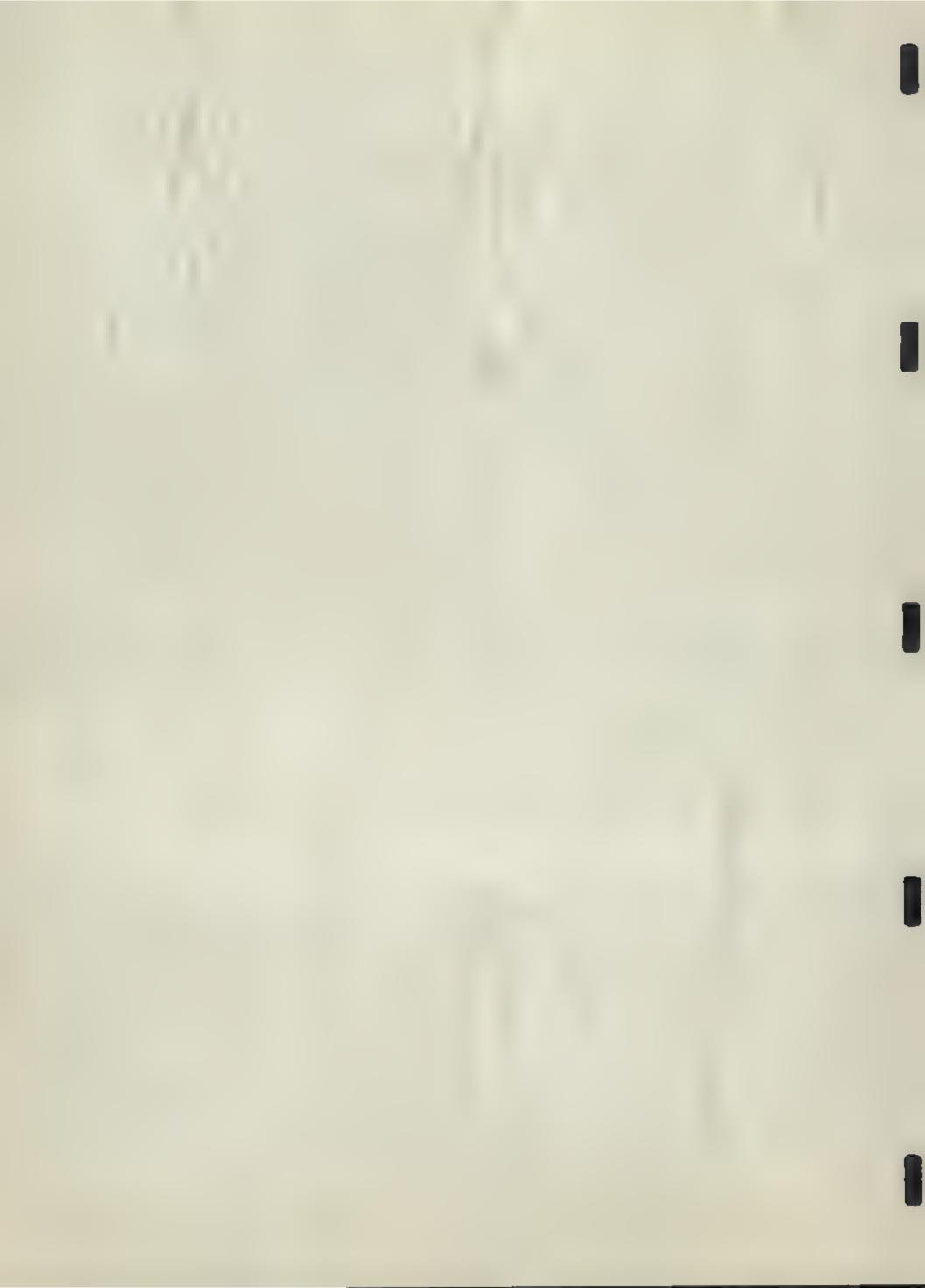




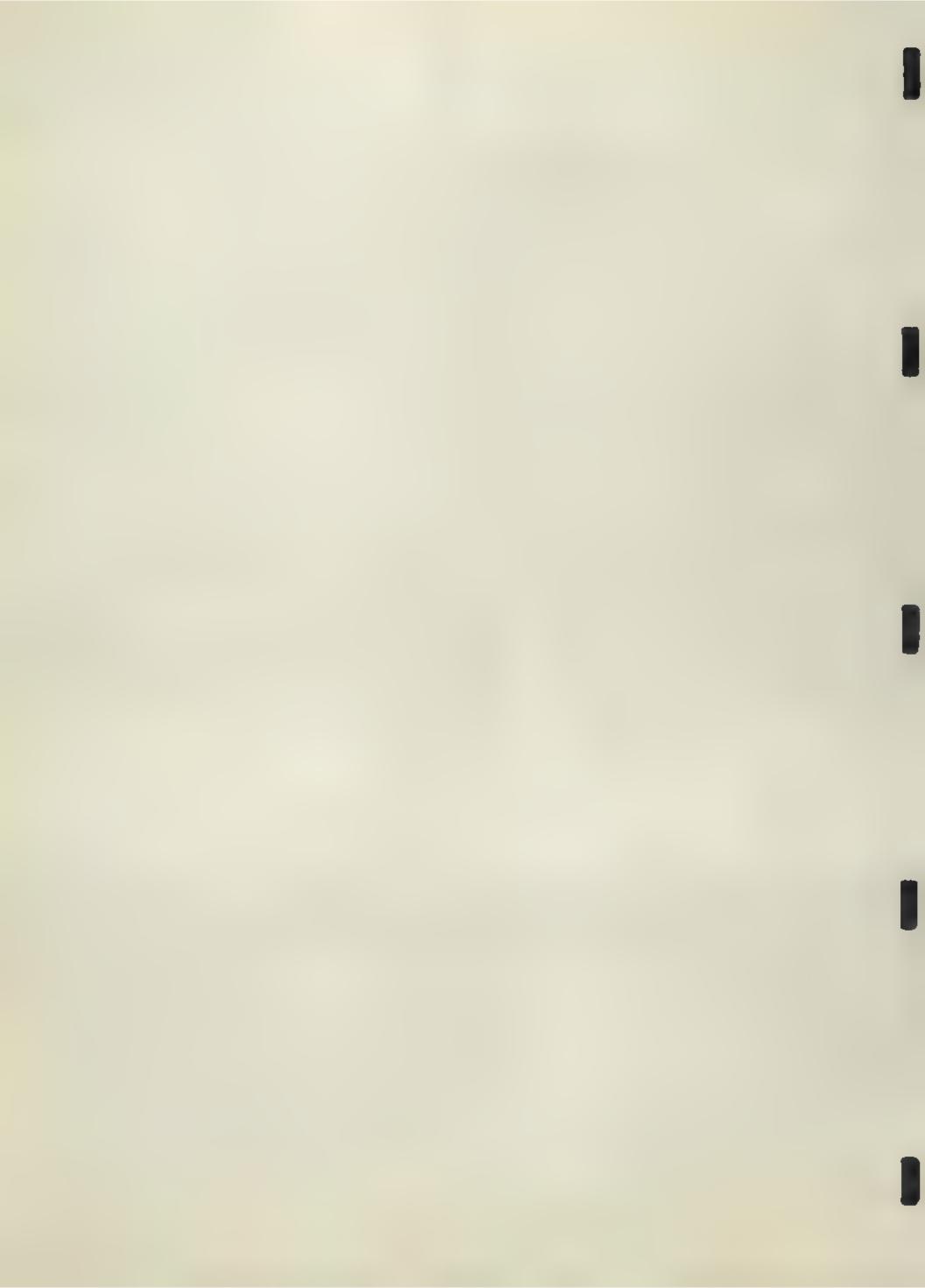




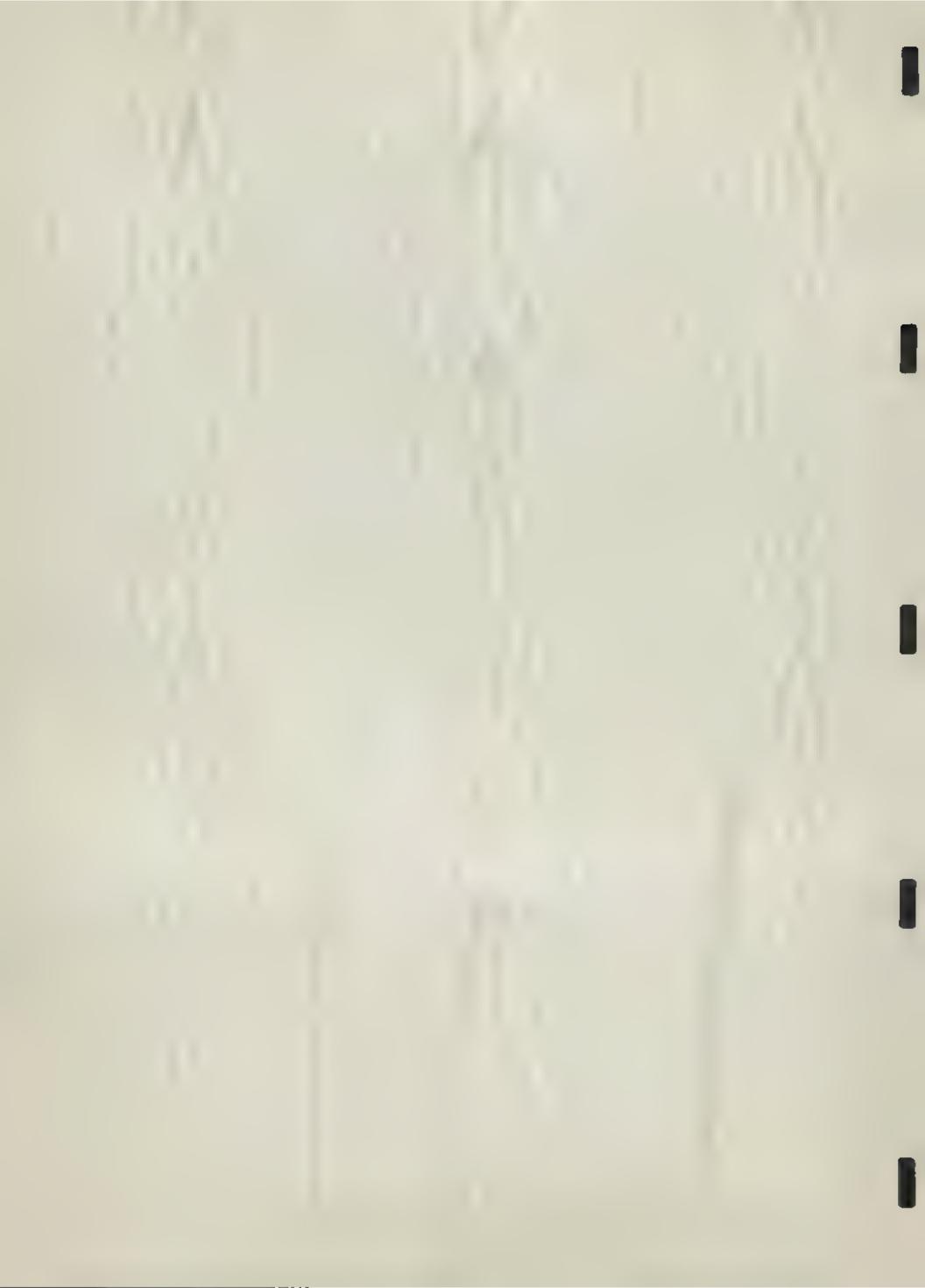


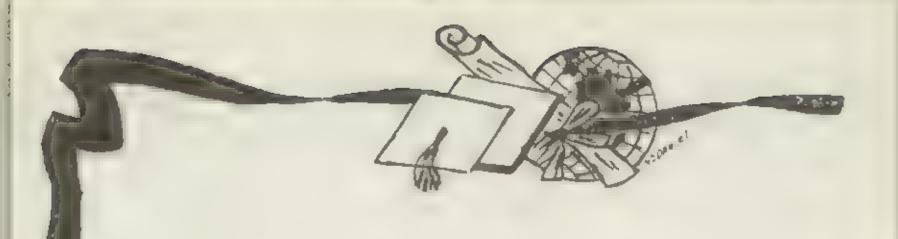








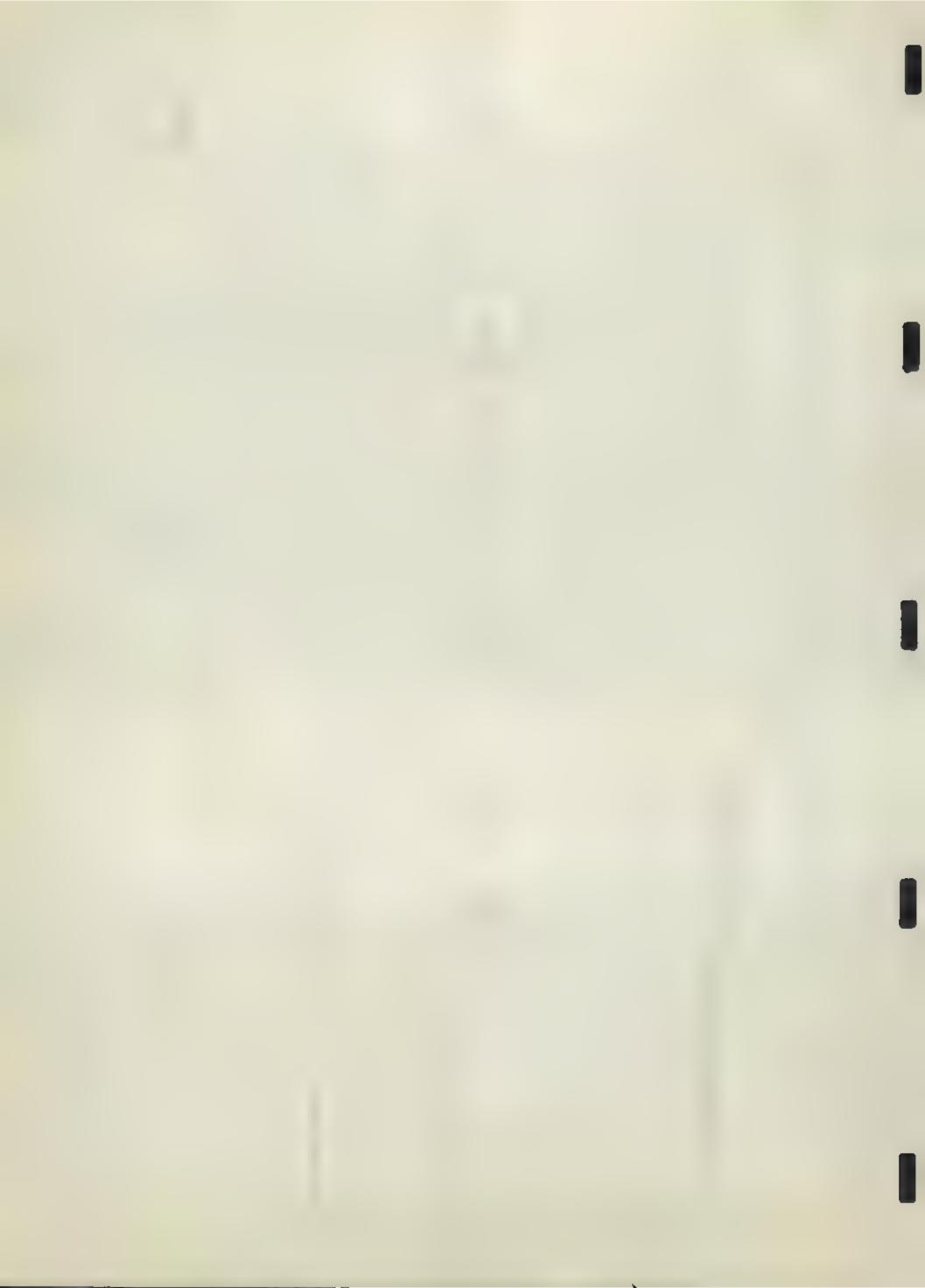




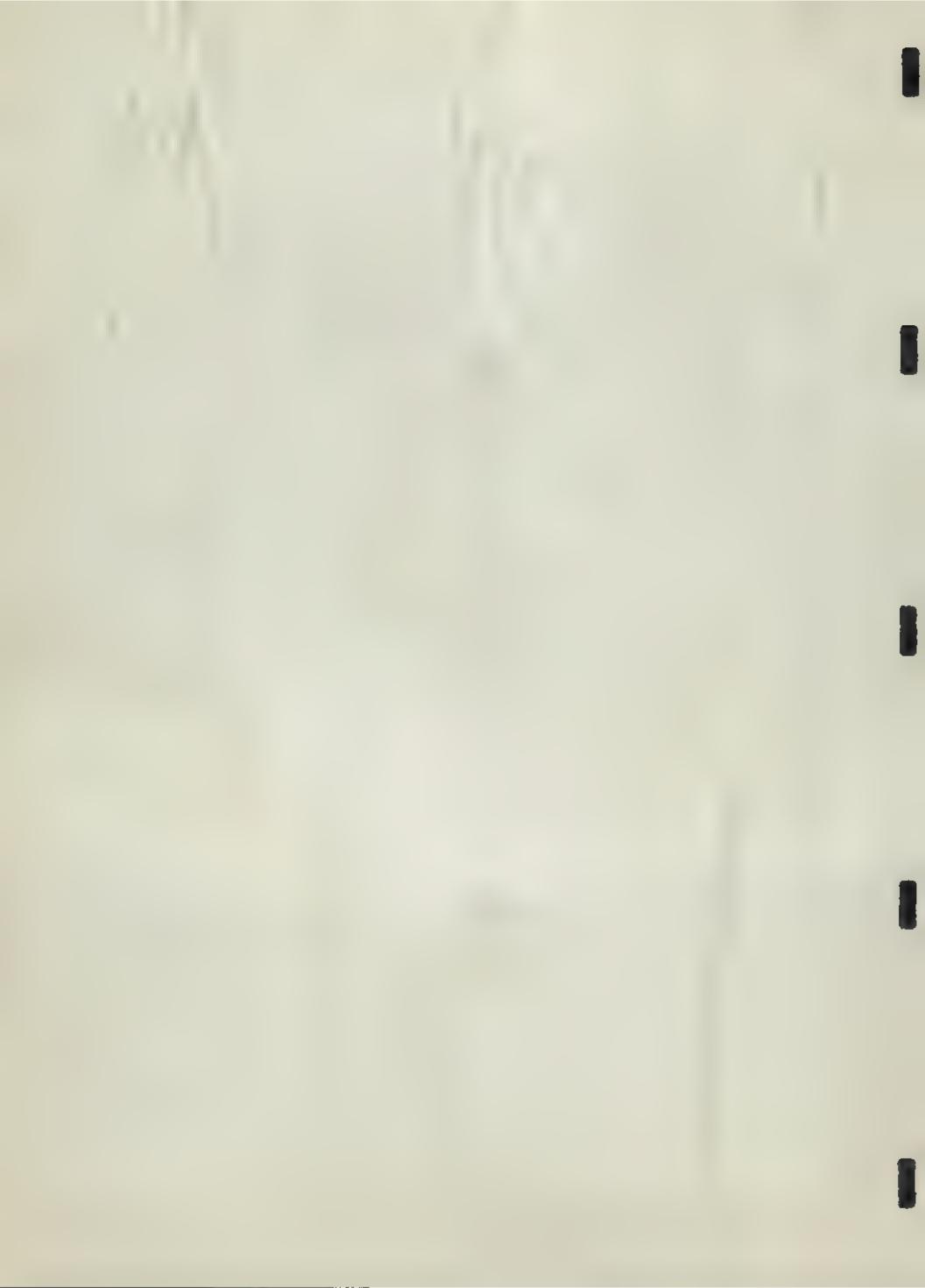
Class Poem

dUDY SWAIM

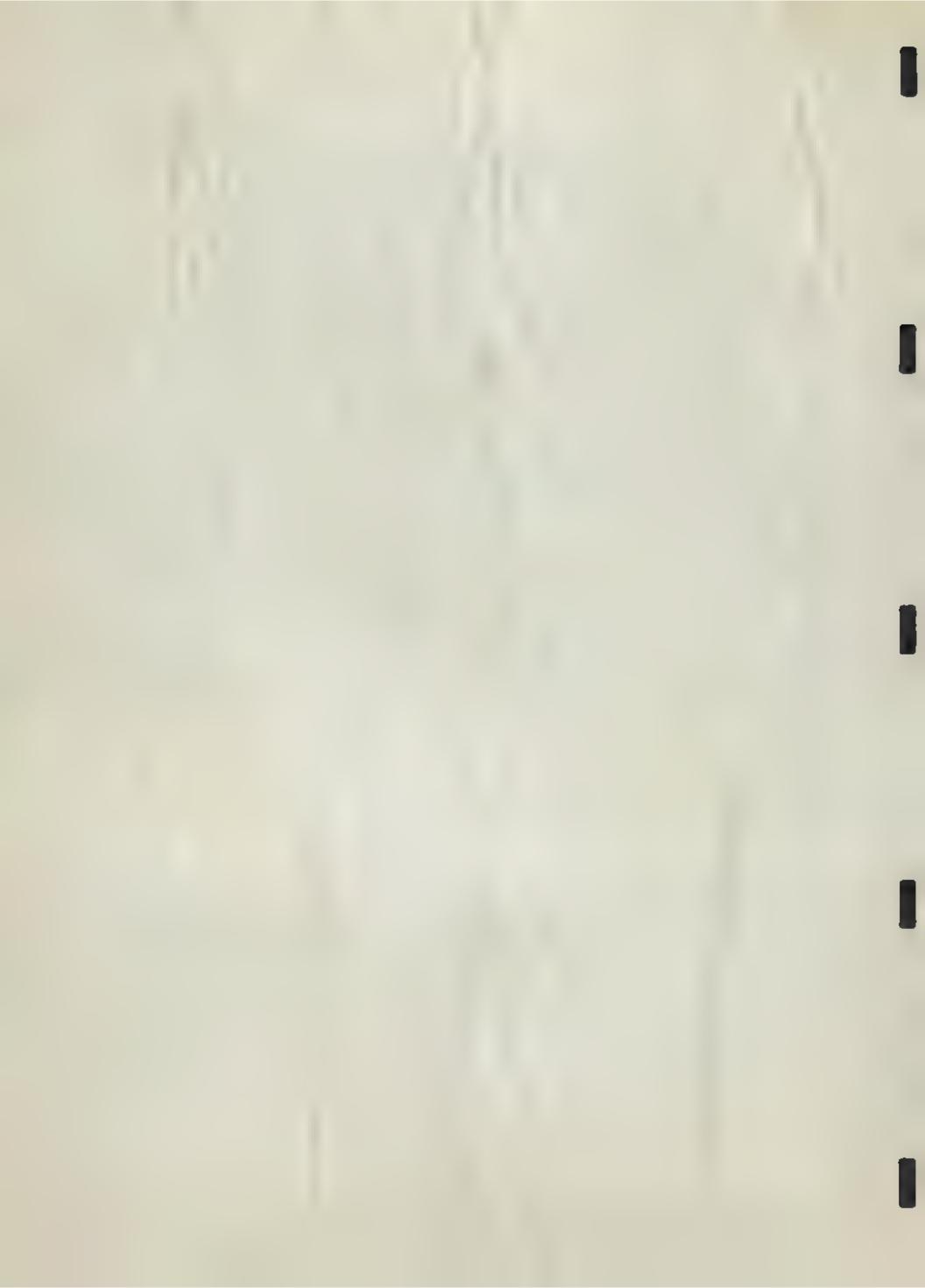
The day is done. The sparkling rays of the sun splash shadows On the by-gone years. One ray, especially bright and clear, Shines on a group of twenty-three, Who stand together, smiling, Bidding each other a fond farewell. These are the Seniors of 149. These are the ones who leave behind the happy, Carefree days of child-hood, And set forth on the long, hard journey of Life. Be with them, Fate: Be kind to them! Help them through the most bitter trials. Yet, be not too generous! Make it not a joke to them, this thing of Life. Teach them that it is good, yet bad, happy, yet sad, That they may know to walk the middle path. And, Fate, If they should falter or fall along the way, Be gentle! Be not mocking! Sive them a helping hand and urge them on! Especially, Fate, Let them not be afraid! Not these twenty-three! For they were sturdy, good and upright Through all the years at school. With your soft, Yet firm hand guiding them They cannot faill They will not fail this biggest game ---This game of Life!













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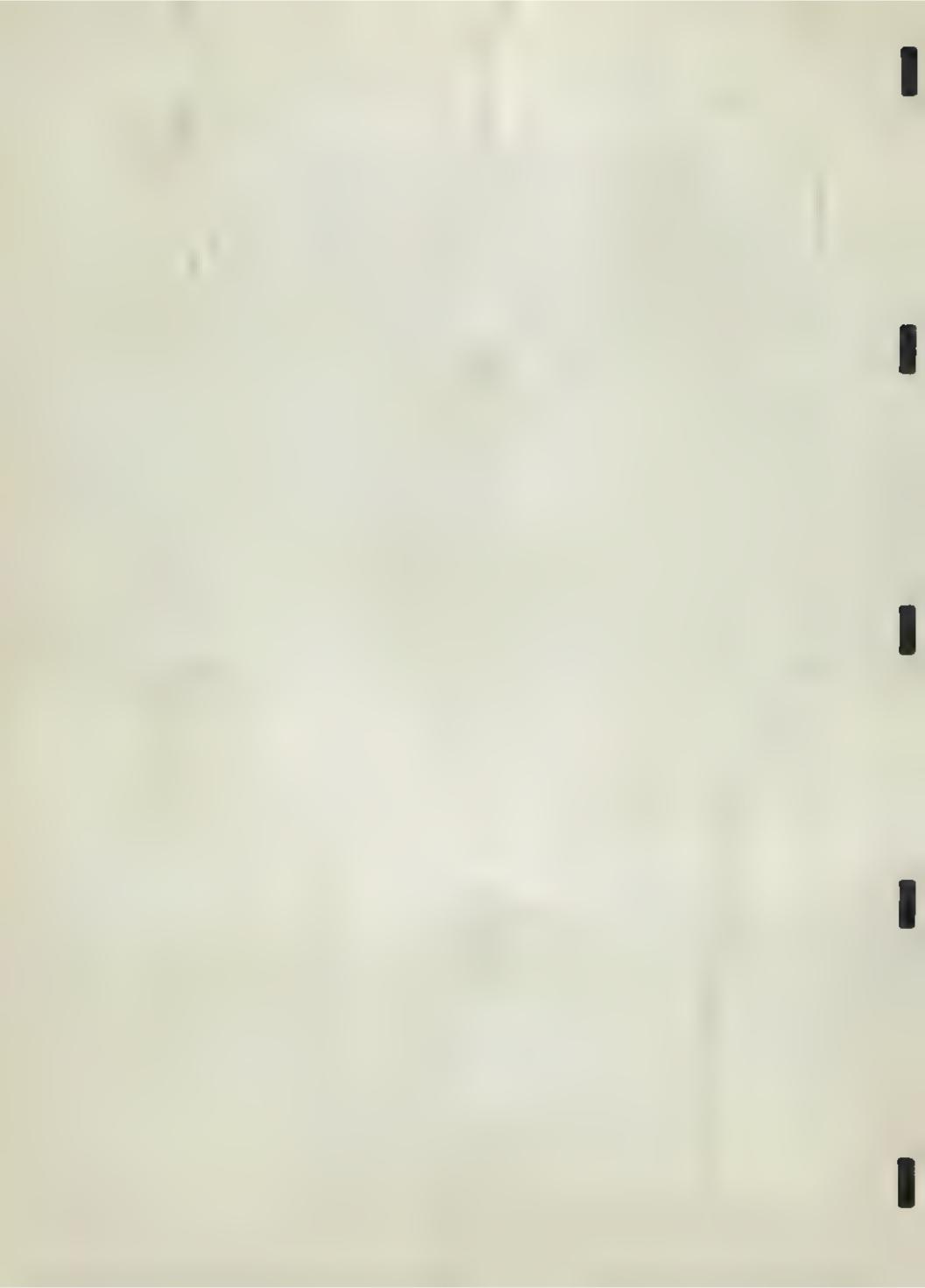
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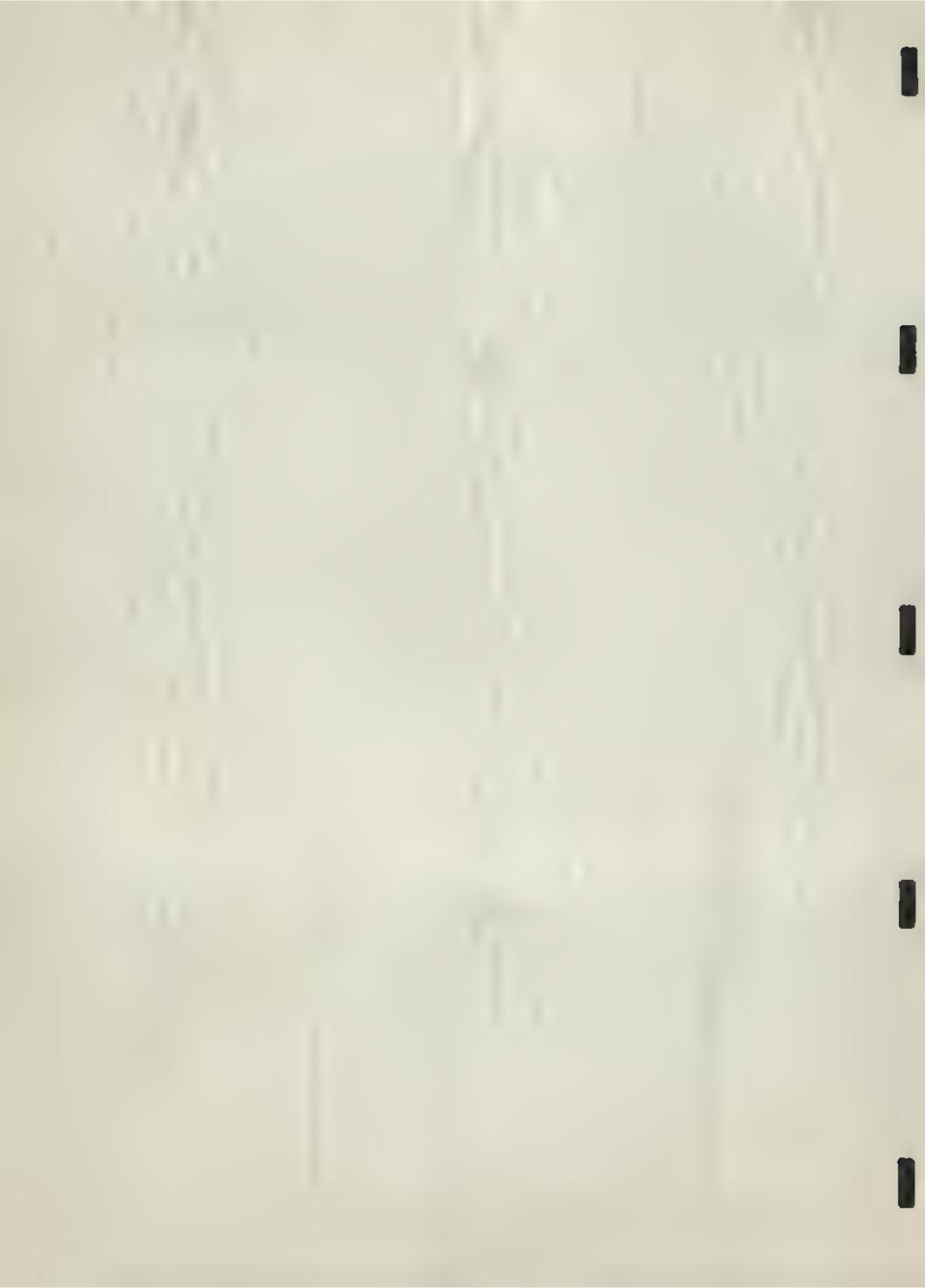


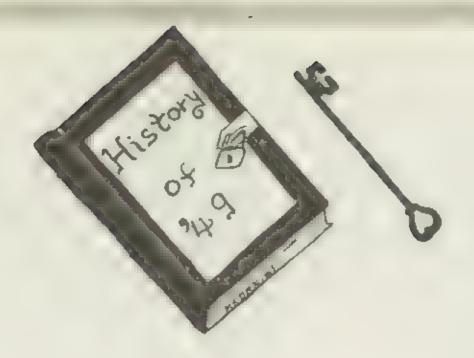
Mary Inc.











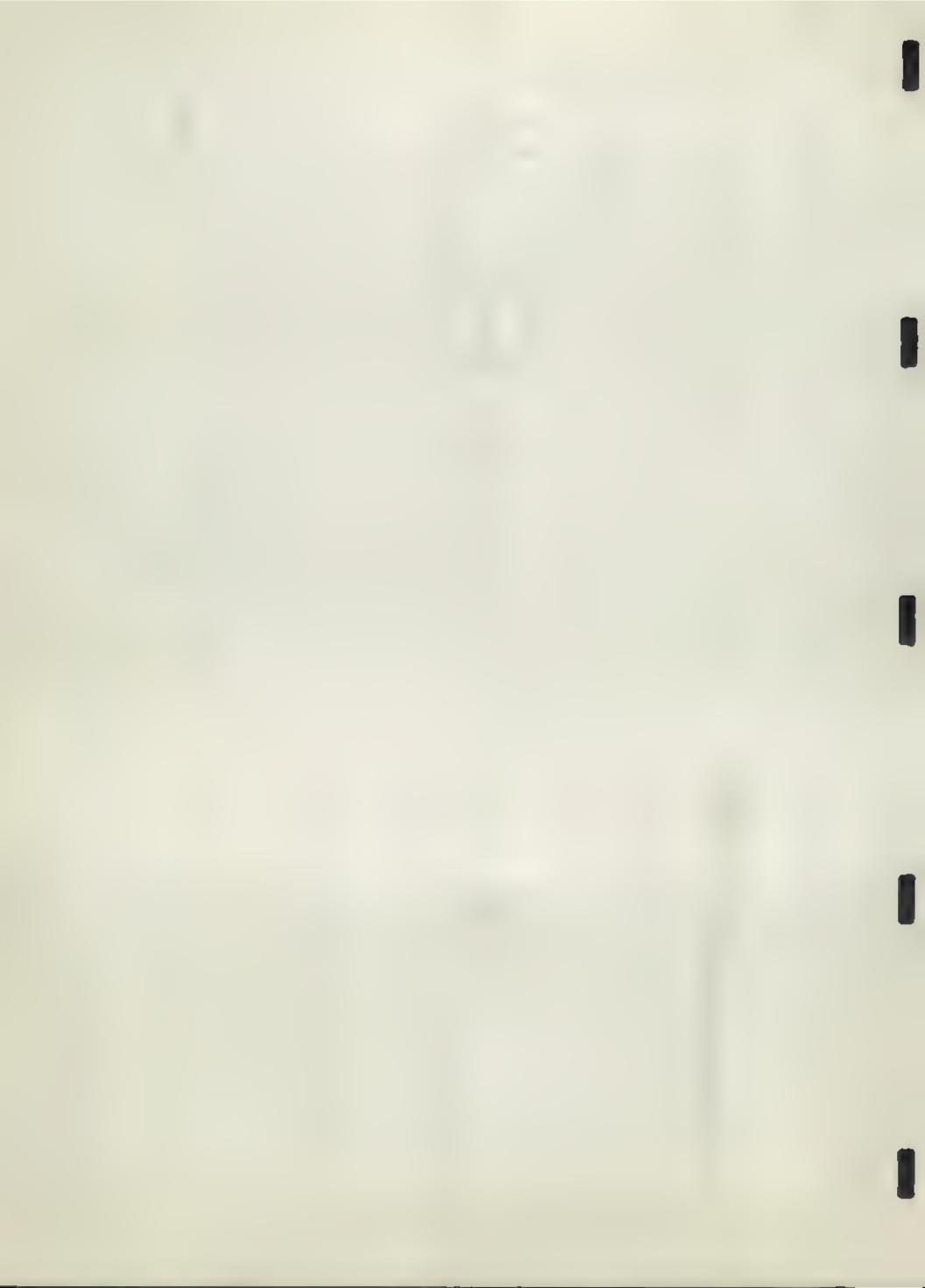
During our first eight years of school we had many good times together. We lost many of our classmates but we always gained new ones. Our one and greatest desire through these years was to be in high school and enjoy high school privileges. Well the miracle happened in September 1945, and as we caught the bus that day we sat shyly aside. When we reached school all we could spy were dignified seniors. Now that we

caught the bus that day we sat shyly aside. When we reached school all we could spy were dignified seniors. Now that we were in high school it was quite different and we felt very green and shy. It took us a while to get accustomed to changing classes and having more than one teacher but finally we knew what to do and where to go. Mrs. Farrell was our home room teacher and we were progressing nicely until November 20, when our school building burned. After a week's vacation we resumed school in the Educational Building of Alamance Church. The rooms were small and the seats were hard and it seemed that we couldn't make it until the end of school but even without the essential needs for a school room the remainder of the year passed and we were out for the summer vacation.

In September we gathered again in the Educational Building of the church, as sophomores. We were very grateful to be together again, for there had been much talk during the summer of dividing us up and sending us to the neighboring schools. Our new building was started and each of us kept an eye on it as it gradually went up. Miss Jackson, who came to our school this year, was our home room teacher. She shared with us our joys and sorrows. Our class stuck together and shared the many hardships and joys. One of the main events of this year was a picnic at High Point Lake, with the seniors. As we bid our classmates good-by for the summer vacation we felt sure we would be in our new building next year.

After an unusually long vacation we came back to school. We were thrilled to be in our new building. Only a part was completed but we were happy to have a room with a blackboard and a place to put our coats and books. The lovely colors on the walls, the wonderful fluorescent lights, and a real desk were simply too good to be true. And we were Juniors, jolly Juniors! Our class opened and operated a store in a building on the school property, and although it was a great responsibility and much work, we co-operated and enjoyed it all. Of course, the two main events of the year were receiving our class rings and the Junior-Senior. All our thoughts and efforts were directed in the direction of the banquet. And finally the big night came and we dressed up, and went to the Bliss for the glorious Junior-Senior. Mr. Morgan was our home room teacher, and we enjoyed several class parties under his direction. Our class supplied most of the members of the basket ball teams, and to our great joy, Judy Swaim won the trophy for best girl player in the county.

The days came and went. We were puzzled by geometry, and worried by French, but we stuck to it and all too soon the school year came to a close. We parted, sad but happy with the thought



year came to a close. We parted, sad but happy with the thought that next year we would be Seniors.

On September 20, 1948, we met for our last year in high school. We lost three of our friends, and were sad that they were no longer with us. Our building was finished and at last we could have a cafeteria, an aiditorium, and other things for which we had dreamed so long. We were not as happy as we had anticipated; the knowledge that we must soon separate was too keen. This year we began typing, and physics. The new typewriters fastnated us, and the physics puzzled us. We were interested in our year book, and made great plans. The days and weeks passed very quickly, and were filled with play and work. Our class was well represented on the athletic teams, and we were proud of them ... We had the usual "ups and diwns." We complained about many things, but we didn't mean half of what we said. And then one day we realized that the end was actually near, and we wished for a few more months. Daly "time" can write our future, but our "past" is already written in the records of our school.

Jean Ingold Historian

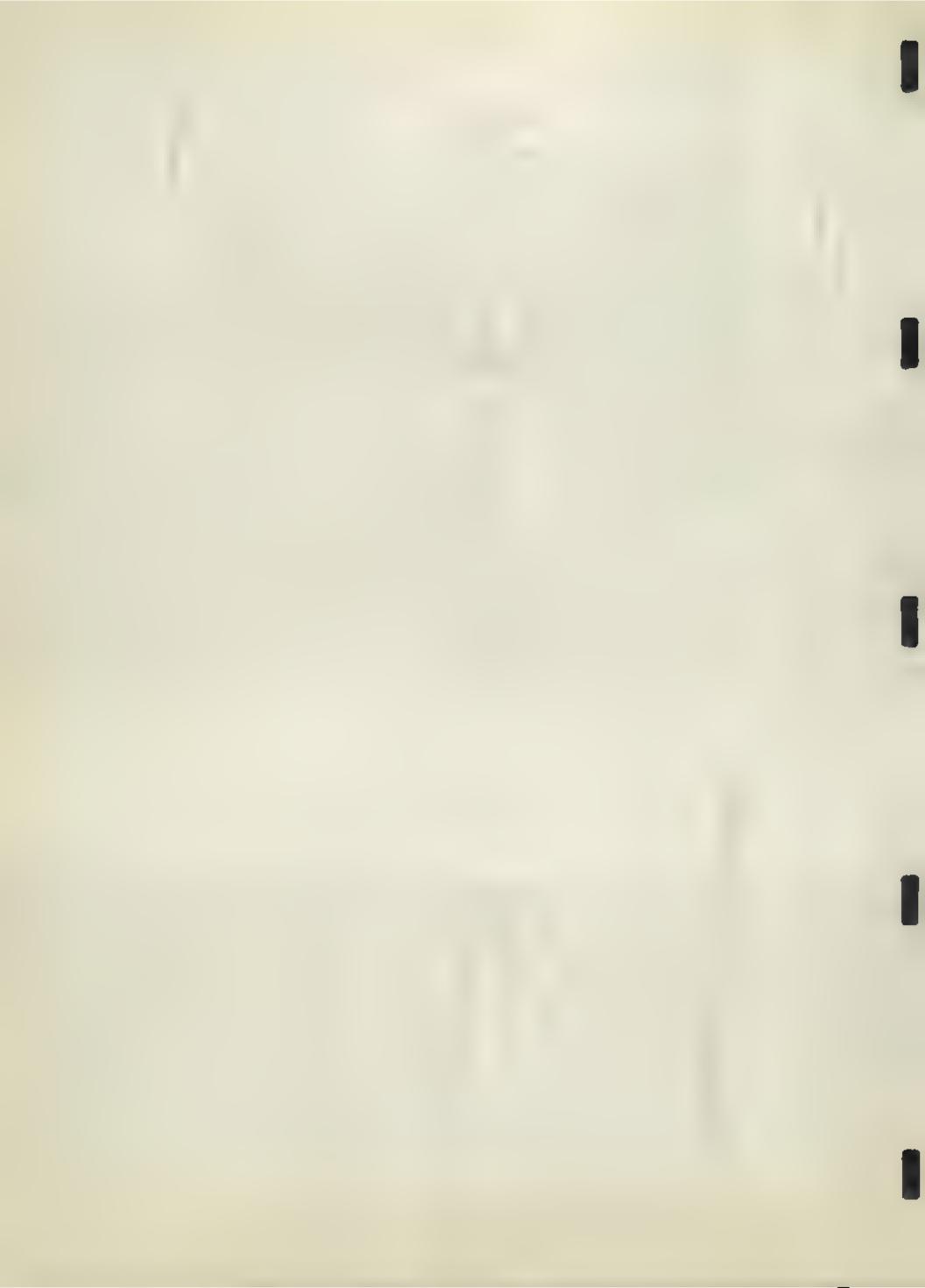
SENIOR CLASS SONG (Tune of "Now Is The Hour")

Now is the hour,
We pause to say good-by;
Soon we'll be leaving
Alma Mater dear
But we shall n'eer
In all the years to come,
Forget our school and friends
And all, we love so dear.

For twelve long years,
We've played and labored here.
In years to come
We'll never love the less;
When we're away,
Still proud in heart we'll say,
Alamance we love you and,
We'll honor you always.

We were so happy,
Journeying hand in hand,
Striving and hoping
For futures bright and fair,
School days are o'er,
And we're tossed to meet new strife;
We bid a fond farewell
To dear old Alamance.

Mary Cathern Friddle



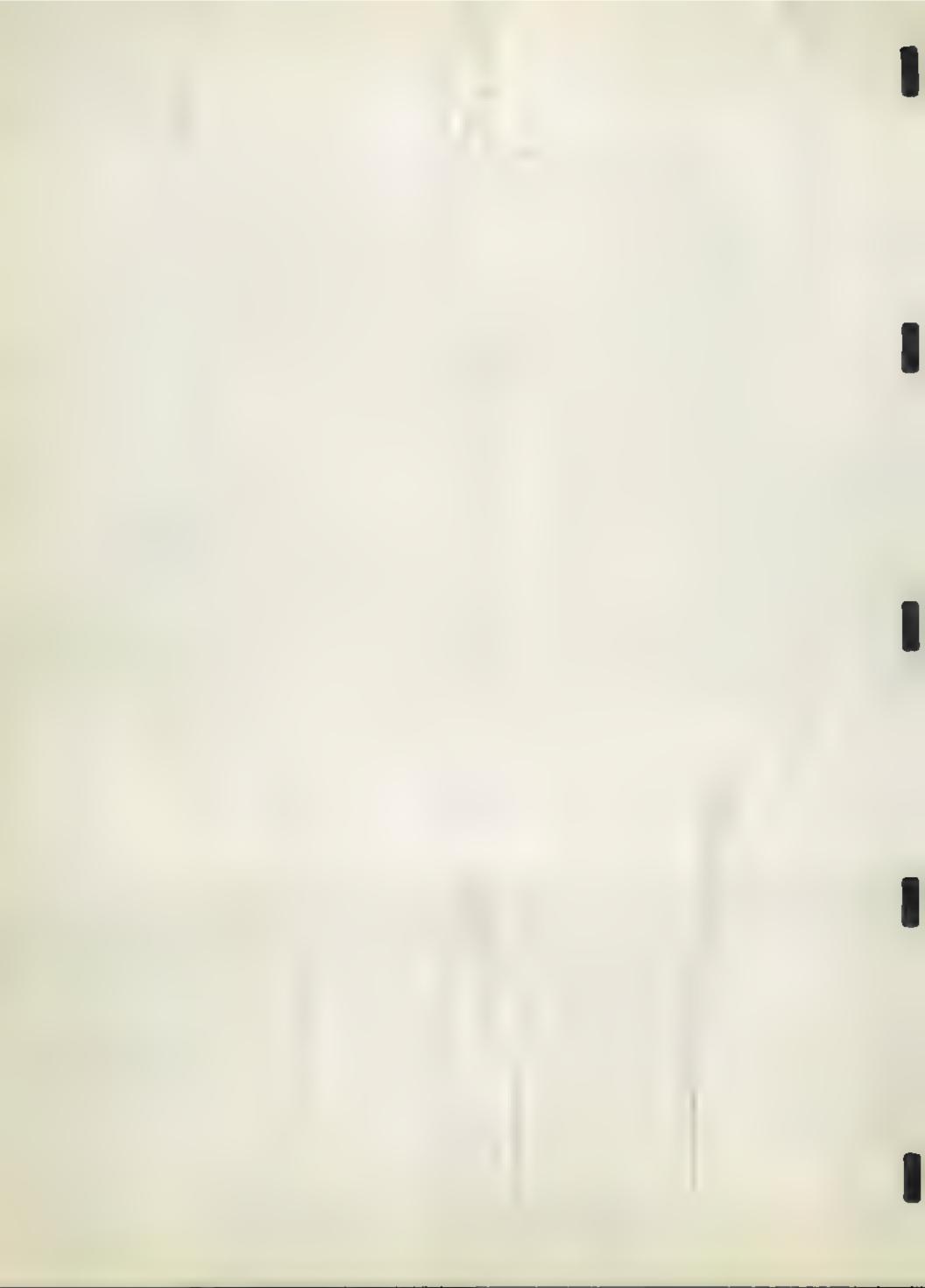


MOST STUDIOUS JEANNE INGOLD ROSSIE SHARPE

SUPERLATIVES

ATTRACTIVE BETTYJE AN PUGH MARION PRINGLE





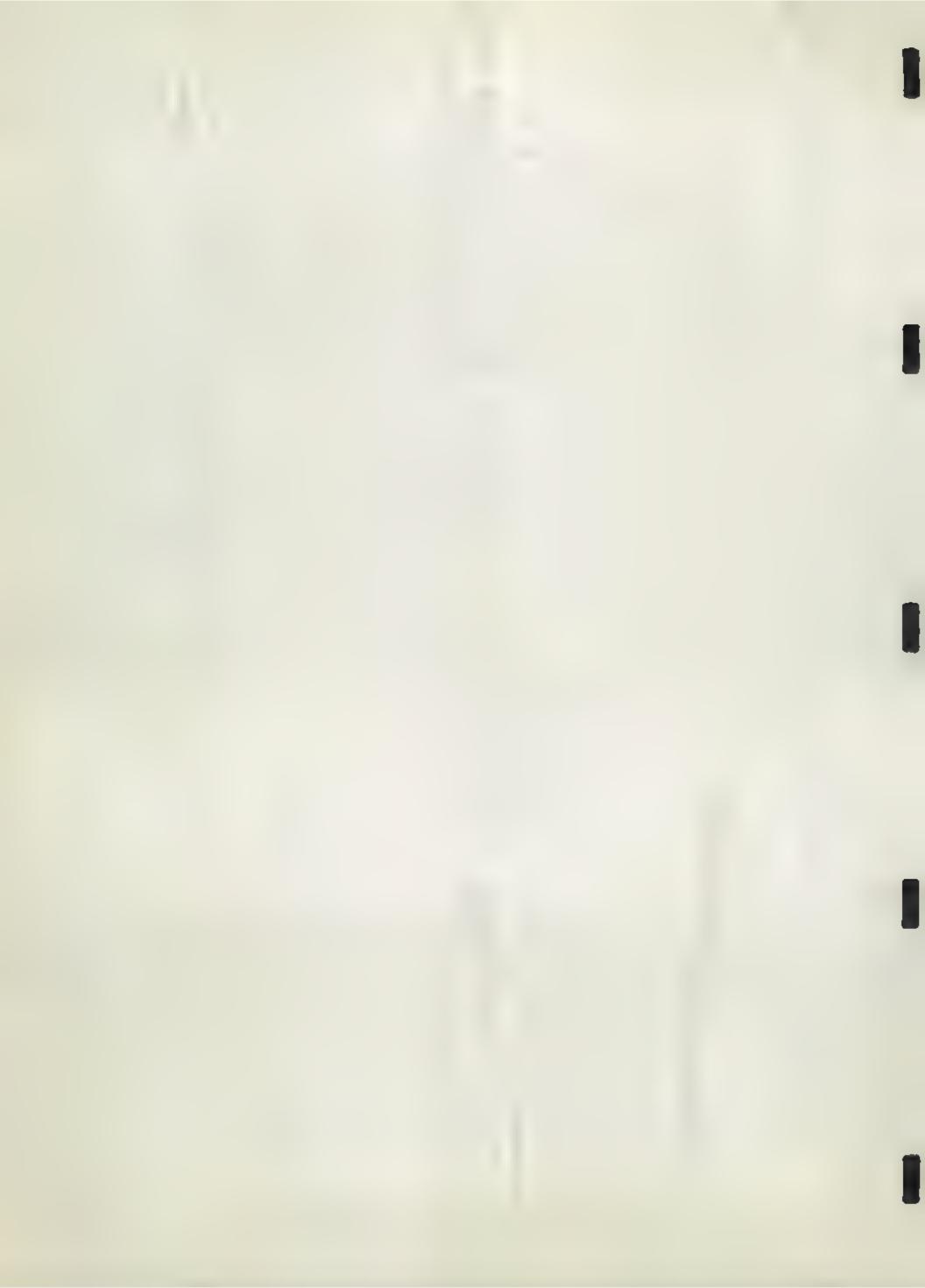
BEST DRESSED HELENE DAVIS RALPH HOLT



SUPERLATIVES



BEST ALL-ROUND BEATRICE MCDANIEL HOWARD COBLE



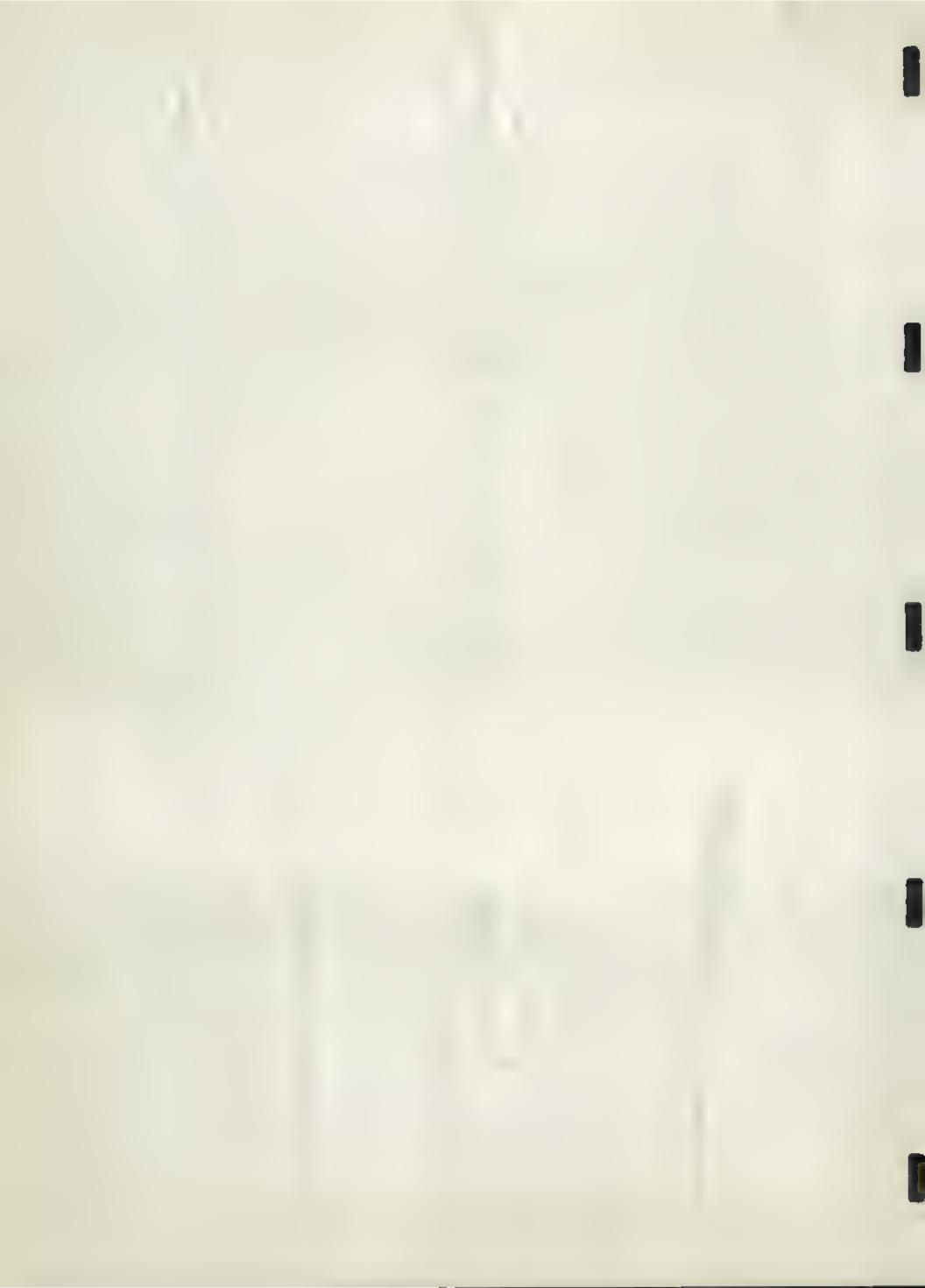


ATHLETIC JUDY SWAIM MARION PRINGLE

SUPERLATIVES

POPULAR POPULAR SALLY COOKE LEWIS MAYE







I was worried when a found that I was elected class prophet. I worked and thought for many a night, trying to write something that would be suitable and pleasing, but my thoughts and mind seemed to work in the wrong direction. One night I sat down with a determination, but instead of thinking about the future, I thought of a quotation-one of Miss Jackson's favorite.

"So live that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

And suddenly I was in a strange place. It seemed that I was in New York and wearing an unfamiliar uniform. It was the uniform of the T. V. A. air line hostess and I was preparing to make a special trip to England. We were tring to fly the "interendence" and carry the president of the inited States. I was very excited and wishing

to look my best, I went in search of a beauty parlor.

At the cornor of 12nd and Lexington Ave. I saw a very large and exclusive looking snoppe, and I decided to go in and investigate this "Cobles." Imagine my supprise and great felight to see our own Howard Cuble, standing straight and "rrenchy" in his stiff white jacket. He was the same friendly Howard doing well in his business. Later we went to lunch and suiterly from out of nowhere came Betty Jean Pugh. She was working in the swalmy resturant, and loving it. We talked for a long time and soon it was time for me to take my leave.

Then I was in England, and walking there in London's famed Hyde Park! Who should I see standing on a stap box and "sounding off" but Frances Fogleman. She was a trilitician boarding there in London with Elaine Yow, an old maid, who was running a boarding house. Mae Ellen Jones was there too, as a French Instructor in a college.

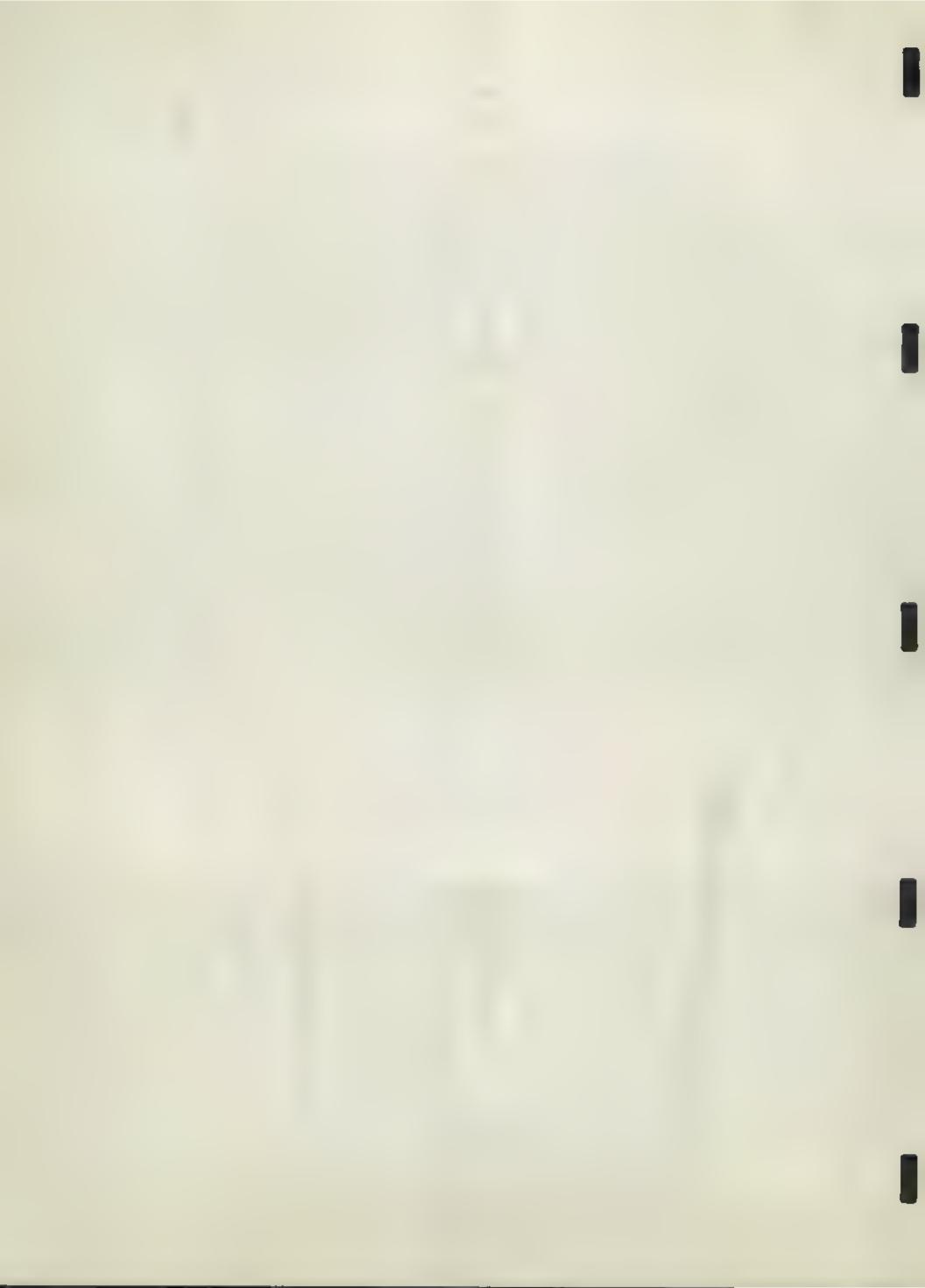
The scene changed again, and I was back in New York. One day while signtseeing, I ran into Mary Jathern Printle, a model for Jun Powers. As we are dinner together and read "The New York Times," I Learned that Charles O'Connor was a skiing instructor in Quenec, Janada and that Jean Ing li had just won the Folf Jnampionship. The

U. S. ladies open Golf Tournament.

And then I was in the Metropolitian Opera and listening to the new baritone sensation, none other than our own Lewis Maye. After the opera, I went back stage. I had a real thrill. Lewis told me that Lucille Rich and Beatrice McDaniel were nermits living in the mountains near Dog Patch, Kentucky. Metry Forsythe was one of the famous "Rockettes" at Rail. Tity, and heart felice list, was a first on Broadway as a hillbilly singer for "The Grande Ole Opry."

I learned quite a few things from Mary Belle. Ralph Holt, a prosperous bachelor was doing well in the aivertising business, and Tommy McLees was in Hollywood acting as a stand-in for Mickey woney.

And then I was back in Greensboro and in the O' Henry Hotel. In the lobby I met Judy Swaim who told me she was a concat resley Long Hospital, where Rossie Sharpe, a swormman, was a pationt. She said Helen Davis had married a farmer, and was living on a big farm hear Alamance High School. I also learned that filliam werster was



City Judge and doing a good job in Greensboro City Hall. Marion Pringle was working with a construction company and mixing concrete.

Note that the second se

The next day I decided to attend a program at Senior High School. I received a great shock to learn that Era Rae Forrest was principal and Sally Cooke was teacher of Bible there. The pictures were fading out; the room was spinning round and round, and I felt dizzy. At last the room settled in place; I shock my head, and rubbed my eyes. Then I suddenly sat up and looked around. My arm was numb and I realized I had been asleep for many an hour.

And Glory! Glory! I had only been dreaming about my class mates; It was really not true! Only "time" can tell the good fortunes and prosperity of the class of '49, but "God bless 'em everyone."

Mary Sue Parrish Prophet

AS THEY IMPRESS US

Virginia Parrish: Dance of the fairles; a chiffon scarf; clouds in a summer sky.

Mary Starr: Fifty years ago: an old-fashioned garden a dove.

Mary Cathern Friddle: Sunshine; friendship; an easy chair.

Patsy Davis: Peck's bad boy; bicycles and roller skates; little Henry.

Judy Swain: Babe Ruth; sports clothes; cold water.

Emma Lea Allred: Hicklebury Finn; ginger snaps; a fourth of July Calebration.

Mary Sue Parrish: A grecian goddess; the path through a forest.

Peggy Cooke: The age of innocence; baby angels; Alice in Monder-land.

Betty Forsythe: Madame President; the woman of tomorrow.

Mary Bell Clapp: A red racer; a merry-go-round.

Sally Cooke: Rain patting on a tin roof; your little brother Bill.

Joan May: Words of six syllables; leather bound books.

Sarah Jane Phipps: A moonlight night; the perfume of rose petals; the smile of a little child.

Elaine Yow: Silk stockings; a cut glass bon bon dish; diamonds.

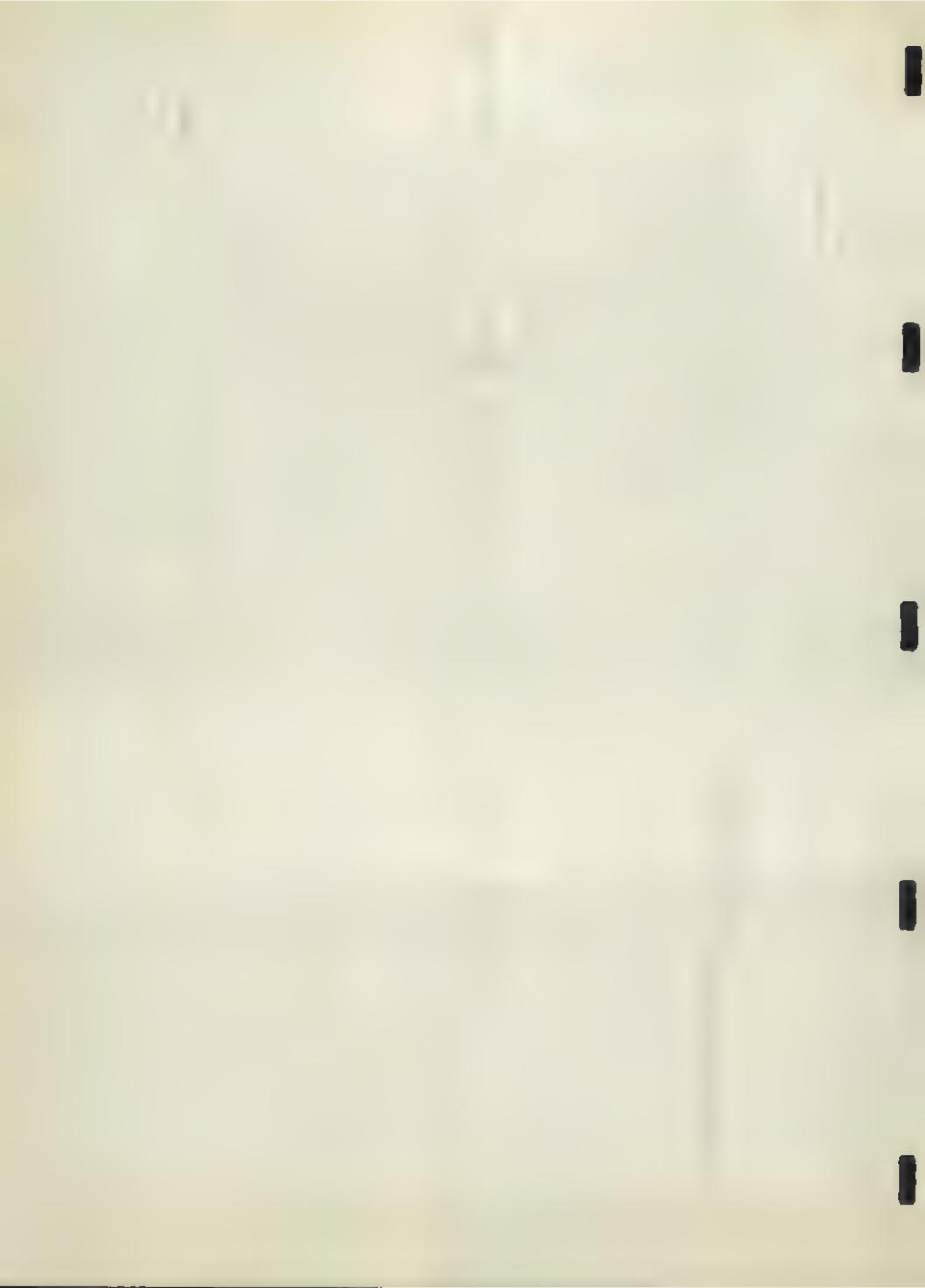
Beatrice McDaniel: A water fall; a day in March: picture of a girl skating.

Jean Ingold: A bottle of ink; tortoise rimmed glasses; prayer meeting.

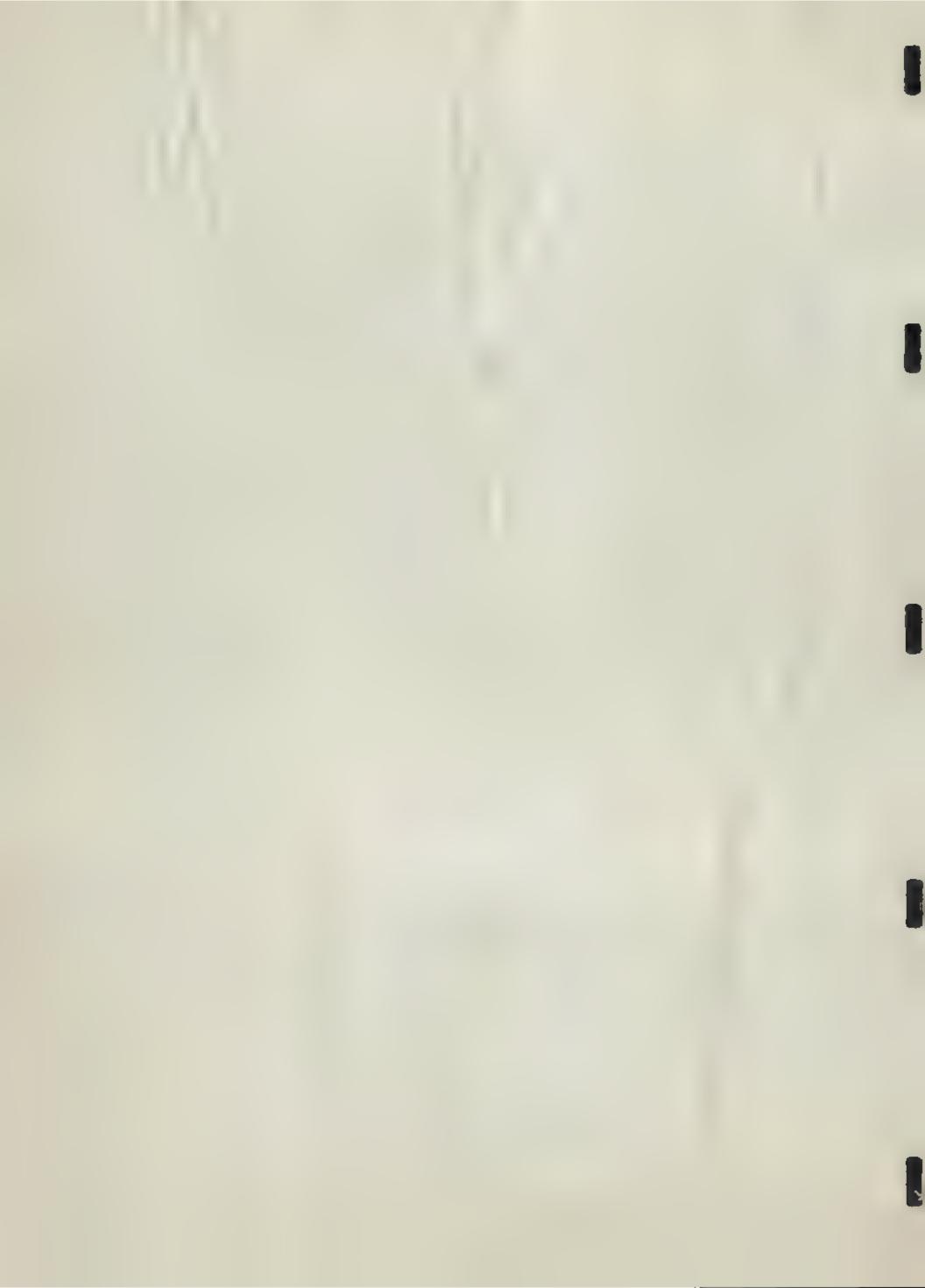
Helen Davis: Perpetual motion; a stick of dynamite; a cyclone.

Dot Stanton: A Christmas sparkler; a Jack-in-the-box.

Lucille Rich: Jazz; music; striped peppermint candy.









LAST WILL ALD TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1949 of Alamance High School of Guilford Jounty in the State of North Jarolina, being that that of shand and vanishing memories after four long lasting years to here, y make this our last end best will and Testament.

ARTICLE I

Section I. To our Alma water, Alamance High School, we leave a sincere wish that she will proster as the years as by a dithat everyone who leaves this house of learning will appropriate the privile e accorded him. Though we have lived within her her water for all short a time, we appreciate her and know in our hearts that we will never forget her.

Section II. To the incoming Seniors we leave:

First: Cur nice big litrary with the holes ty, earliers and the hole that

they will have the pouce than we did in our so salled "home Room."

Second: All our books consisting of: Our most valued French Books

Our Physics books though they are badly handled

Our History books, well used but in fairly good condition

Third: Our place in the cupitoria along with the different buthrs we had

to occupy during all programs.

Fourth: Our heavy sout to sear while hands In list Jan an's room.

Fifth: Our good behavior during all classes.

Sixth: To our teachers we leave our grateful car disting for their melp

during these four years.

ARTICLE II

Section I: We, the Senior Diama, In verira . televa . . . ke two, with

however, no reflection on those he told us.

Section II: To hiss Jackson, we leave our deepent appreciation for her

leadership and help in many things we have tried to

accomplish.

Section III: To Mr. Porgan, we leave this set if firstrails at he car

have enough nails to nibble on next basketball season.

Section IV: To Mrs. Harmell, and we har strong with their word

health continues and she will be able to be the trusted home Economics teacher for many years to come.

Section V: To krs. Whiteley, a pack of typing paper so she can start

her classes next year with plenty of paper.

Section VI: To Mr. Hunter, we leave this piece of rope so that he can

tie all his agriculture boys on class.

Section VII: To our beloved music teacher, Lrs. warren, we leave our

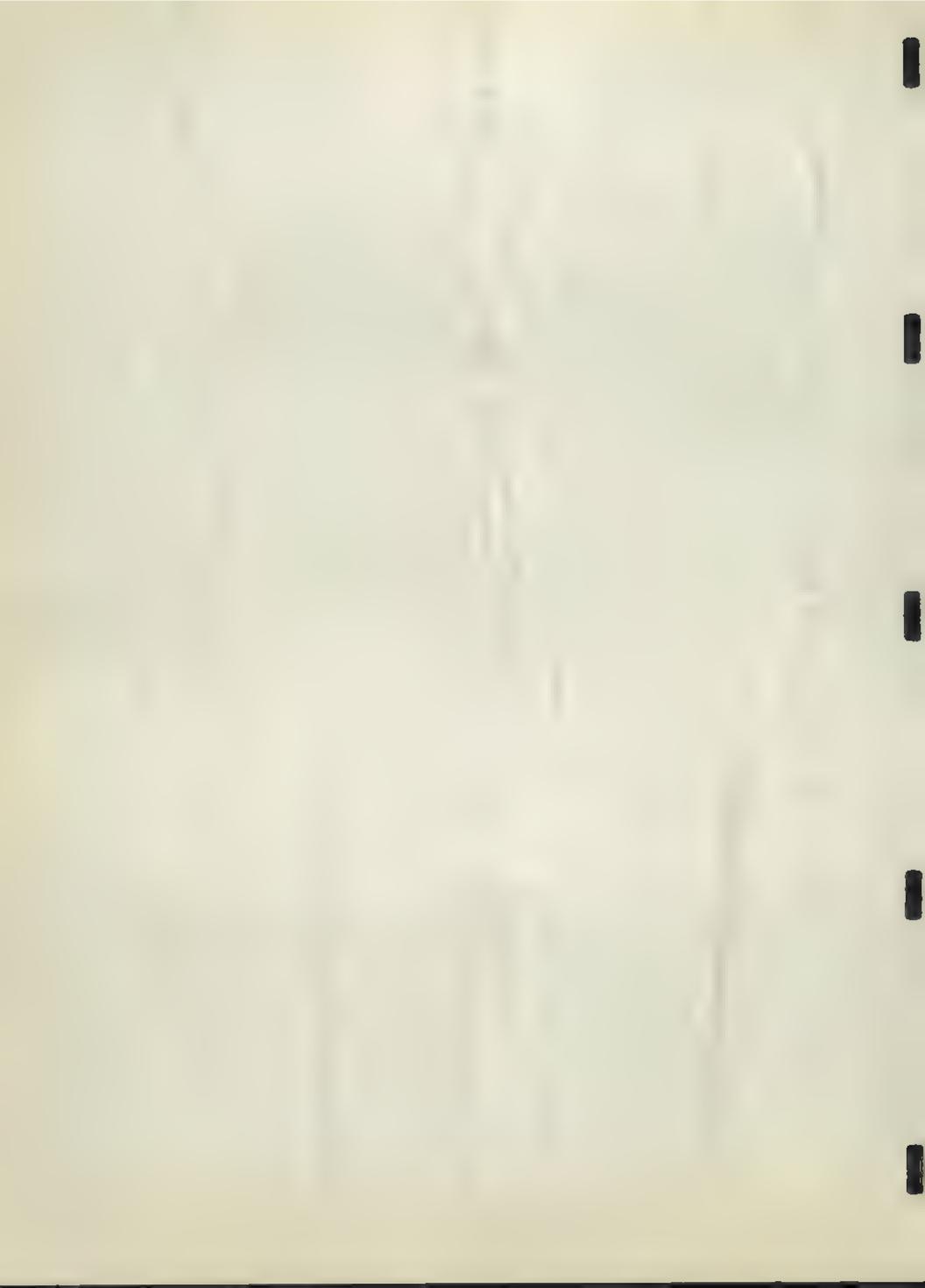
thanks for the job she is doing in our honored school.

Rection VIII: To the pareteria staff as assee our tacters in the owen

meals served to us and our appreciation for the effort to please us all.

Section IX: To hr. kixon, we leave this box of soap so that the water fountains will continue to get a good bath each week.

Section X: To all our friends we leave this new building in which we



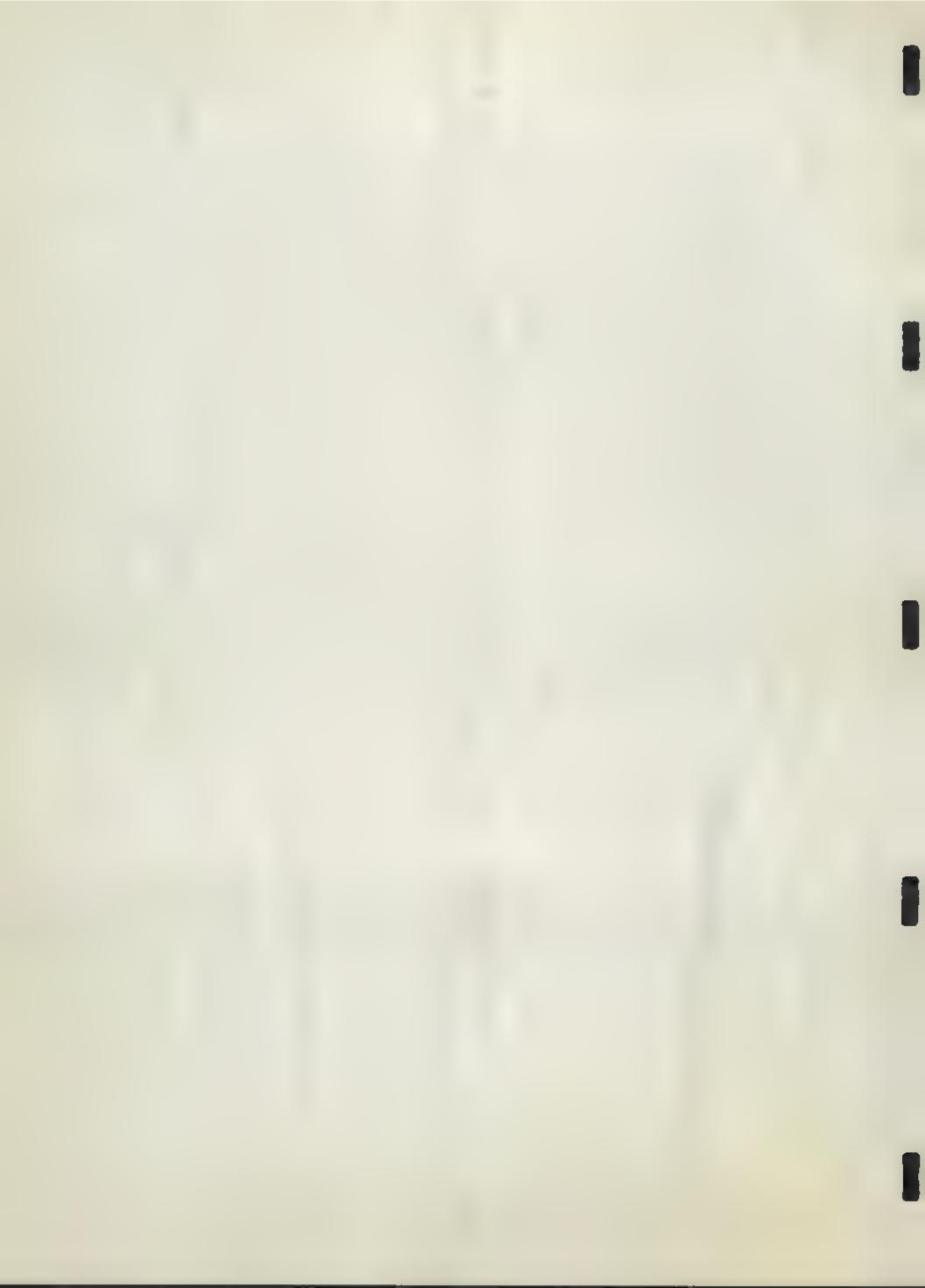
ARTIGLE III

alive in the new Senior Class. Rossie Sharpe leaves this note pad to Roger Hall so he can begin gattering () s. 1 r next perro re poer. In a., I, have a light et a charmed life this year. Mary Sue Parrish leaves this lipstick to Mary Lou Jobe so she will Lewis age Leaves to kiring a start of the figure and an you add to this solle tion, hise ar train tetter that week. . Charles O'Connor leaves to Wesley Blackard a red truck so that after Howard Coble leaves to Buddy Fogleman this cushion so if he has to I, Lucille Rich, leave to Virginia Parrish this bubble gum so she can keep things popping as I have tried to do this year. Beatrice McDaniel leaves to Geraldine Carson this package of art lieas to entar afr to get a good to the total and the state of the sta Geraldine, it is not an easy job or an easy one either. Helene Davis leaves to Joan Maye this Style Magazine so she can claim Helene's title as "The Best Dressed" senior next year. Sally Jooke Laive to Let of the first for the laive, we know you will tear it en it is the time of the west delivering the paper. Betty Forsythe leaves to Dorothy Stanton her scorebooks with which she served both basketball teams as a scorekeeper. Tormy McLees leaves this wetch to Sara Jene Phipps so she will be able to make all classes, as he never did, before the second bell. Judy Swaim leaves to Neal Tuttle this Sport's Book so he will be up and on his toes next year when ball sesson rolls around. Jean Ingold leaves to Carlie Sharpe this leaso and directions to use Carlie, Jean has never used it, so it is in good condition. Elaine Yow leaves to Geraldine Carson this cork stopper because "still water runs deep. " How does Elaine know? Marion Pringle leaves to Bryce Greeson these shoulder pads so his Frances Fogleman leaves to Alton Lambert this truck so he will have transportation to and from the house of a certain Sophomore. Betty Jean Pugh leaves to Mary Lou May this paste so she might start putting together her scrapbook for the D. A. R. William Webster leaves to Joan Joyce this bar of candy so she may be Rain rolt lenves to prise to make the results of th Mae Ellen Jones leaves to hary Lou Lay this comb so her hair will never have that blown look that hae always fought against. Mary Belle Clapp leaves to Alma Ruth Lambert this map of Pleasant ALE, J'ACOI & SOME IN THE A STATE OF Era Rae Forrest leaves to betty Coley these towels to put in her hope chest for future use. ARTICLE IV

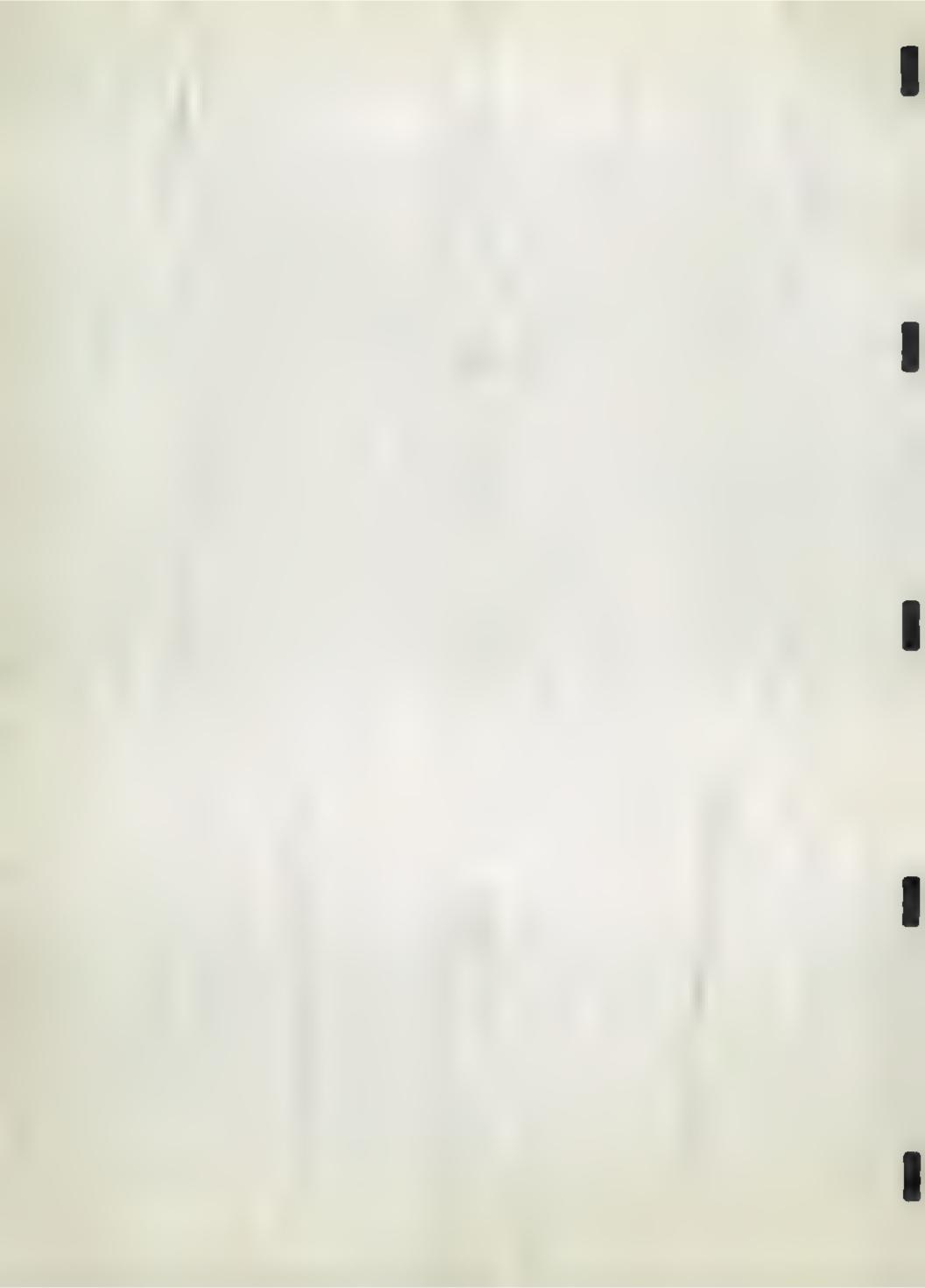
we hereby constitute and appoint the faculty and its successors of altrance rights. I altrance rights are last will and testament according to the true intent and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

In witness hwereof, we, the said Jenior Class of 1949, do hereinto set our hands and seals, this the 3rd day of June, 1949.

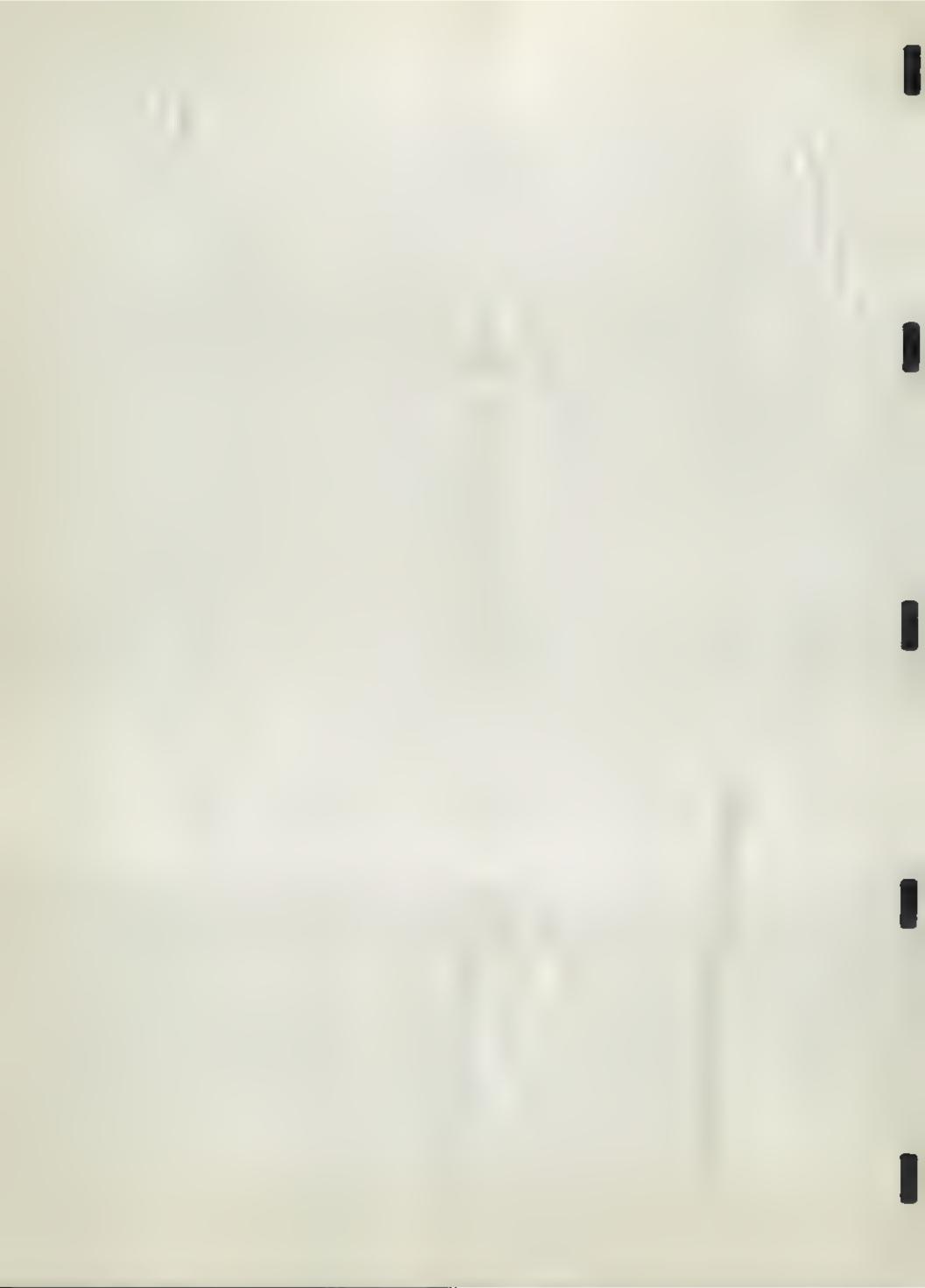
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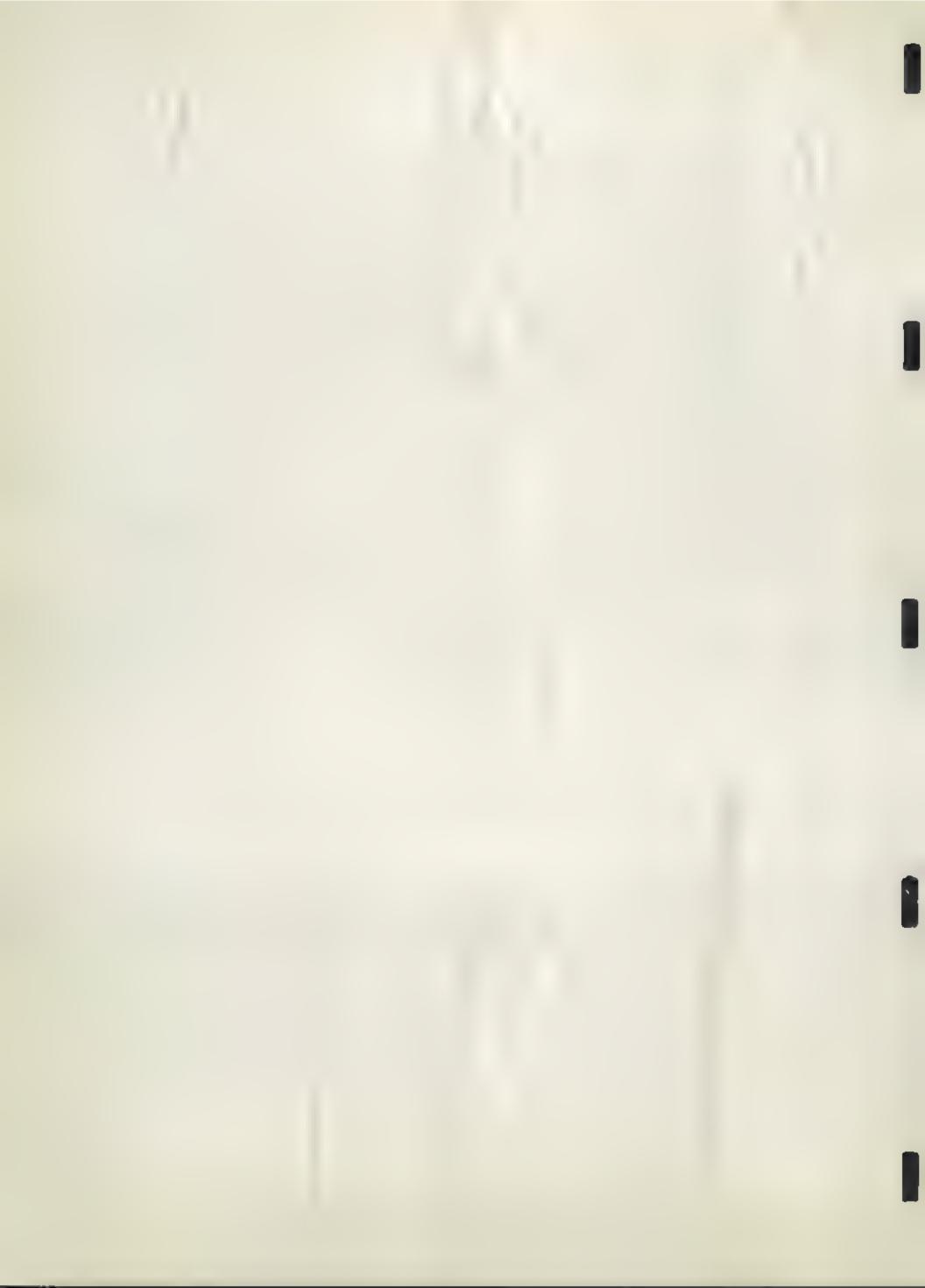


STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1949 compiled by Era Ras Forrest Next year the United States Census will be taken, so I acted as census taker of the class of :47 a little early. These statistics of the class give much information. We offer them to the U. S. Bureau of statistics to help them in making reports and prophecies. When we add the hours the class of 149 spent in school, we get 347,760. Now if we take the number of hours that Tommy McLees spent working on his bus, the hours Lewis Maye slept through classes, and the classes that Charles O'Connor, Tommy McLees, Marion Pringle, and Lewis Maye skipped, we have to relice that time by at least 5 years. The combined weight is about 1 tons, but if about two members had their weight deducted, it would be less than 3 tons. The amount of knowledge in the class will fill many volums, but without Jean Ingold, Rossie Sharpe, Lucille Rich and Beatrice McDaniel, it would not fill "Baby Raye." As a class we are very old; our combined ages are 238 years. The combined height is about 138 feet and that includes Elaine Yow's 5 ft. 1 inch and Tommy McLees with his 6 ft. 2 inches. The favorite color of the girls is blue; for the boys also blue. However, green runs a close second. The favorite song of our beloved class is for the girls "A Little Bird Told Me." The boys choose for theirs "Cool Water." For a change the boys and girls agree on the most disliked song "Two Front Teeth." Most of the seniors of '49 like to eat, so some of their favorite foods are; Chocolate Nut Sandaes, cocoanut pie and chocolate ice cream. You can tell by our food that we are "sweet." We dislike spinach, and squash, although our school dieticians insist we eat them. Going to the movies seems to be the favorite past-time. I asked the seniors their favorite actors and actresses. They chose Gre ory Peck and June Allyson. They also told me their most disliked ones are Veronica Lake and Frank Sinatra. They would like to see their favorites in "Homestretch" and "Viss Tatlocks Millions. Their iis-liked ones are, for the girls, "Miracle of the Rells" and for the boys, "One Sunday Afternoon." Another of our pastimes is listening to the radio. The girls enjoy drama, so they listen to Lux Theatre. The boys' taste runs more to educational things, so they chose "We The People." As most everyone, we dislike some radio programs. We all decided on "Intersanctum." As usual we have to return to subjects of school. (Attention Mr. Morgan). Our favorite subject is Physics. We have a disliked subject as well as a liked one. It is English because we study grammar and make book reports. None of us like to stay home all time, so in riding around we choose a 149 Ford. Out on these rides naturally we stop for a drink, our favorite being Coca Cola. Our class are all rather sports minded, the girls liking basketball and the boys agree on Baseball. Since everyone in this world has pet peeves, it is only natural that we have a few. Sich as Charles Cocennor playing with our typewriters, arguments, mopey people and last but not least flirting. We all have in mind an ideal person of the opposite sex. The boys prefer girls about 5 ft. t in. tall and weighing around 113 lbs. They must have brown hair and brown eyes. When we turn to the finer things of life; such as flowers, we all agree on the red rose. So we are just an average group of Seniors, perfectly human, with likes and dislikes like every ne else. Some of us are bright, some not so bright, but we are human, and we hope these statistics will prove it.

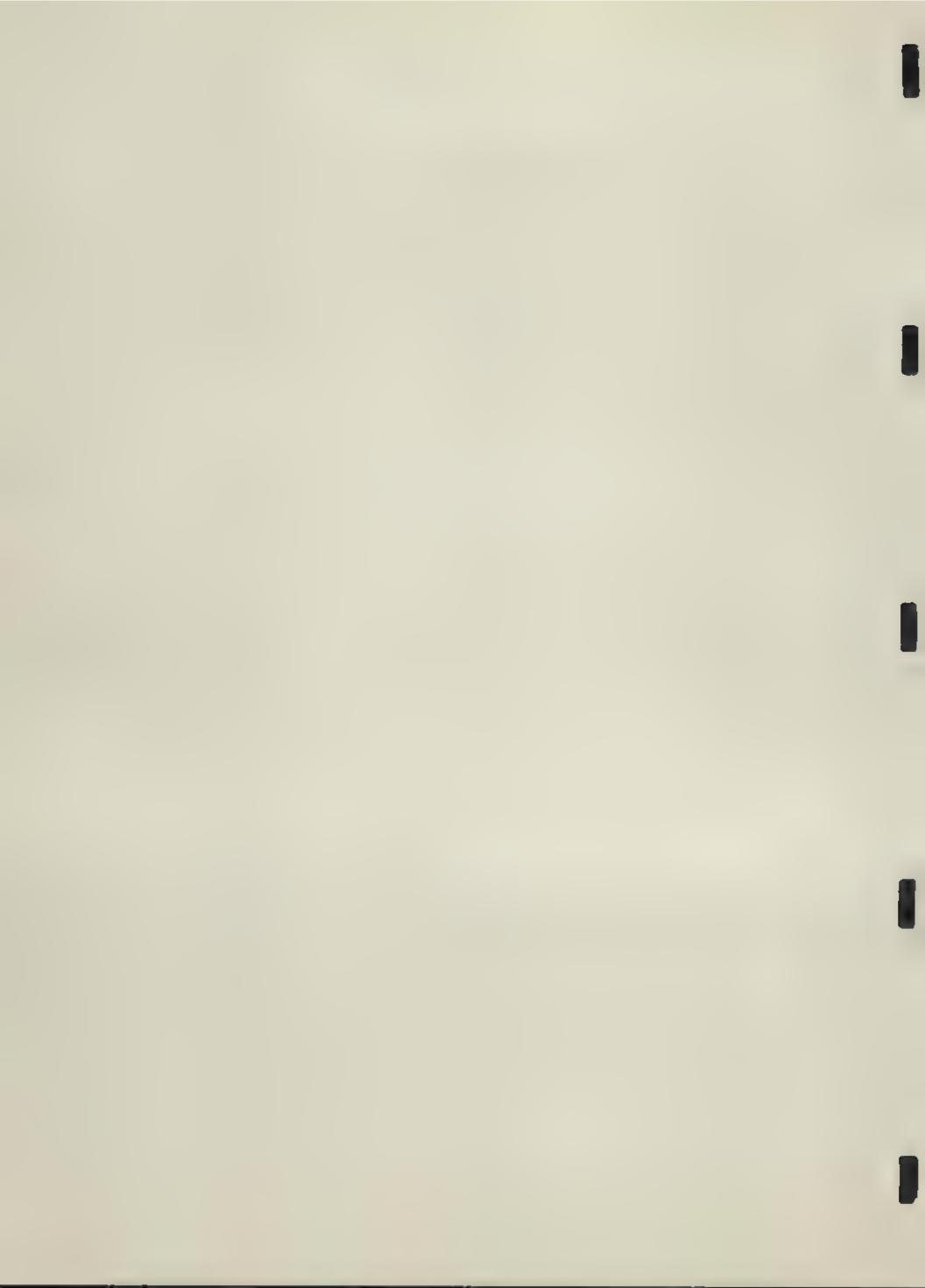


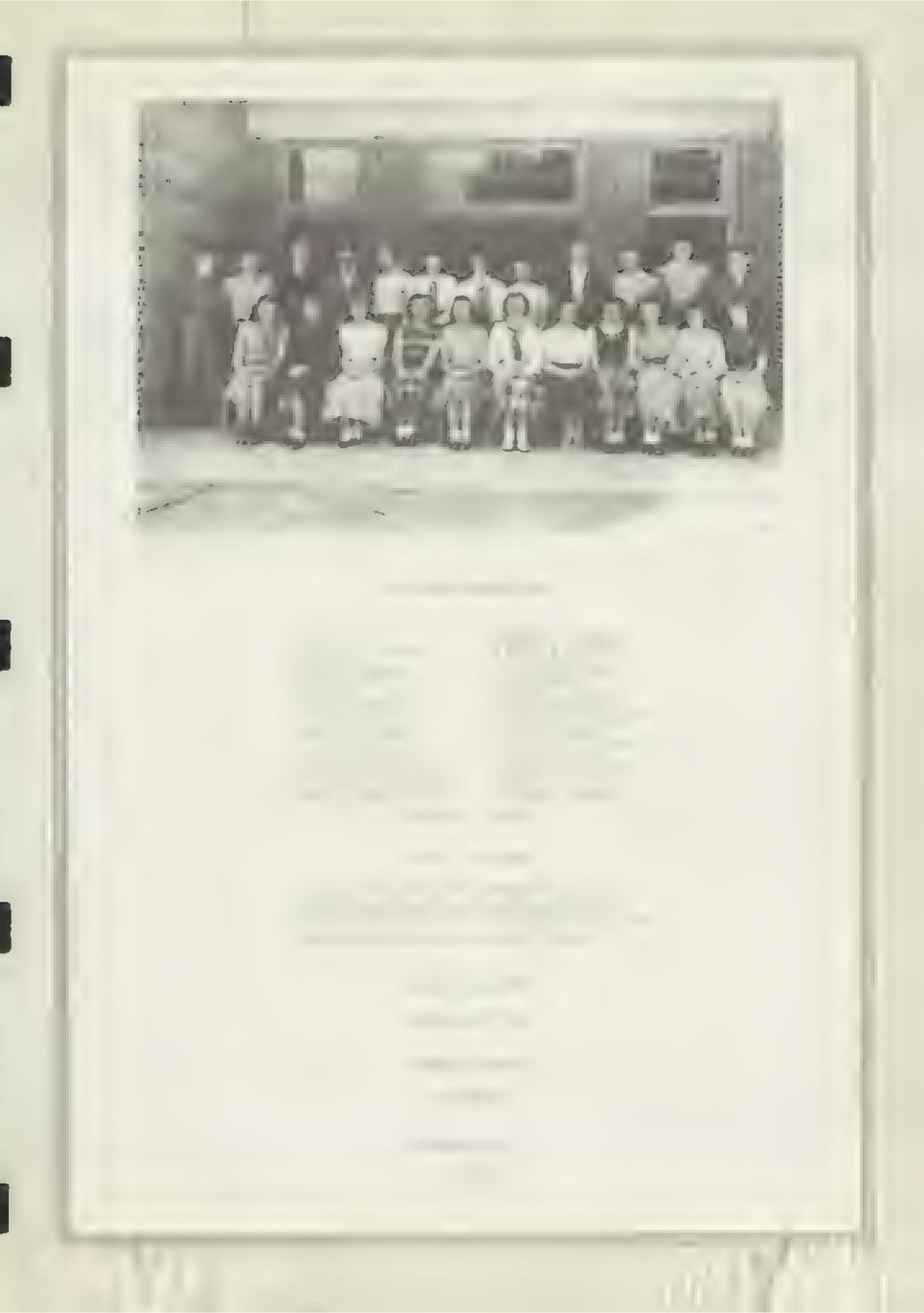


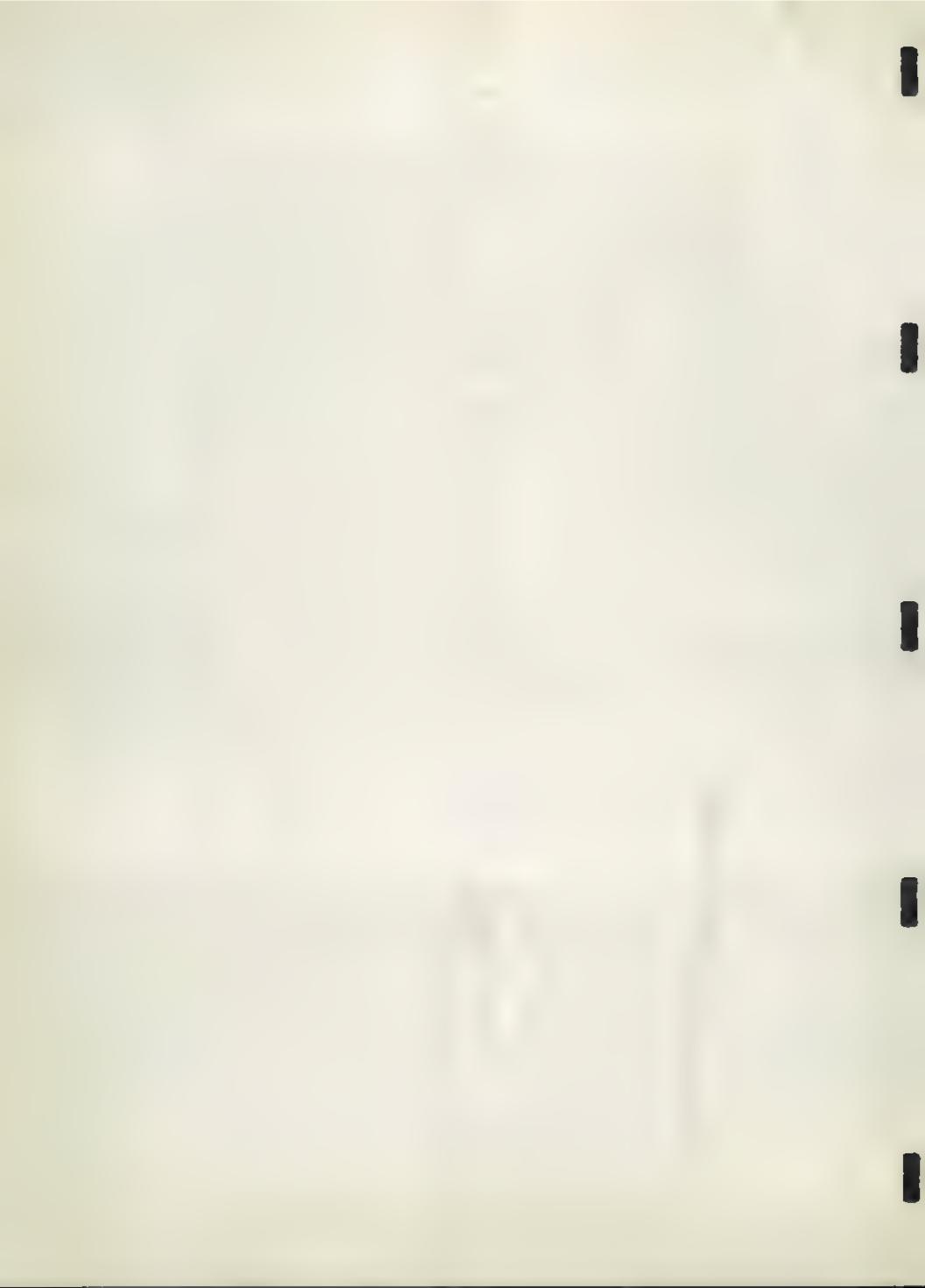
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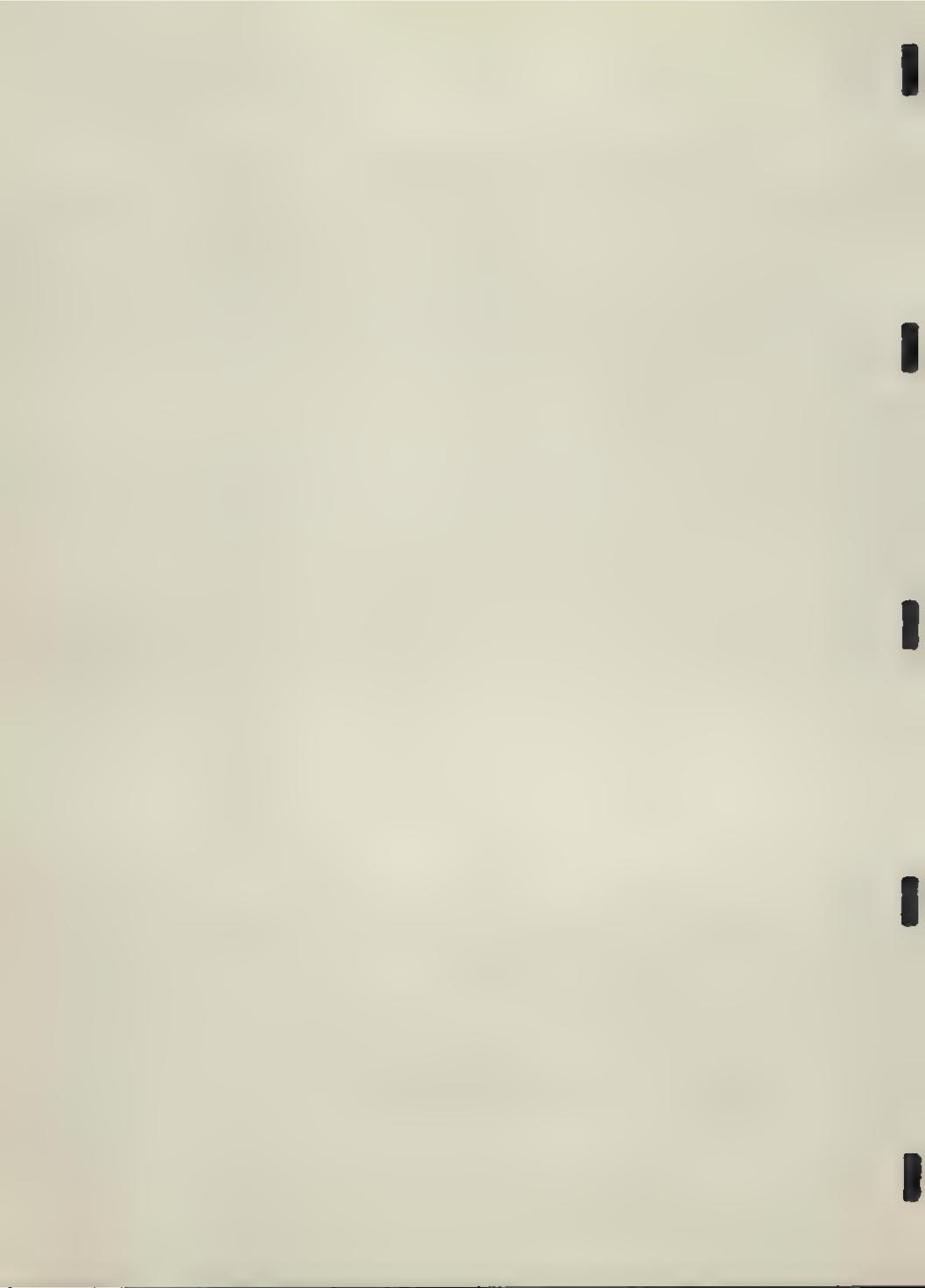




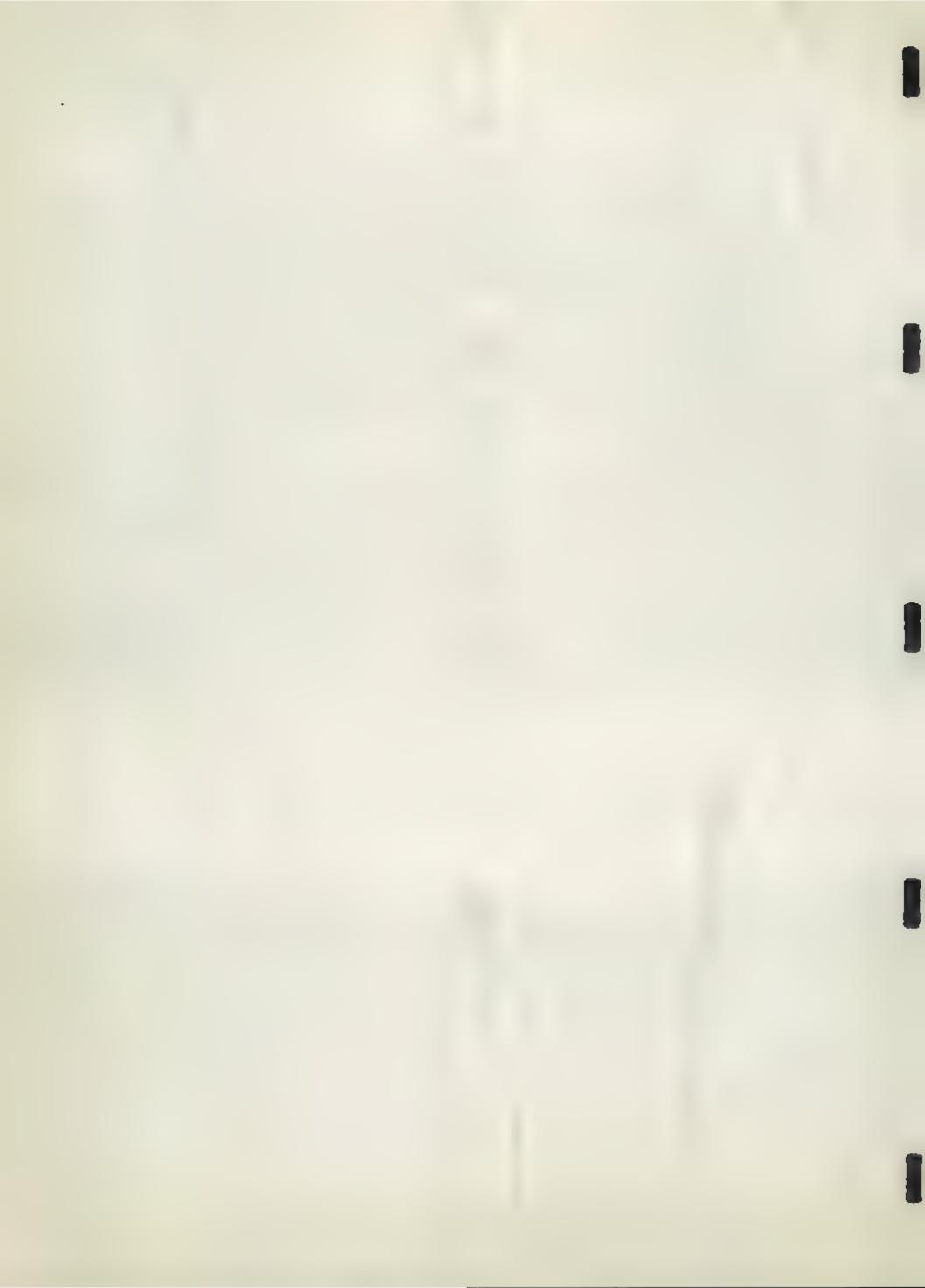




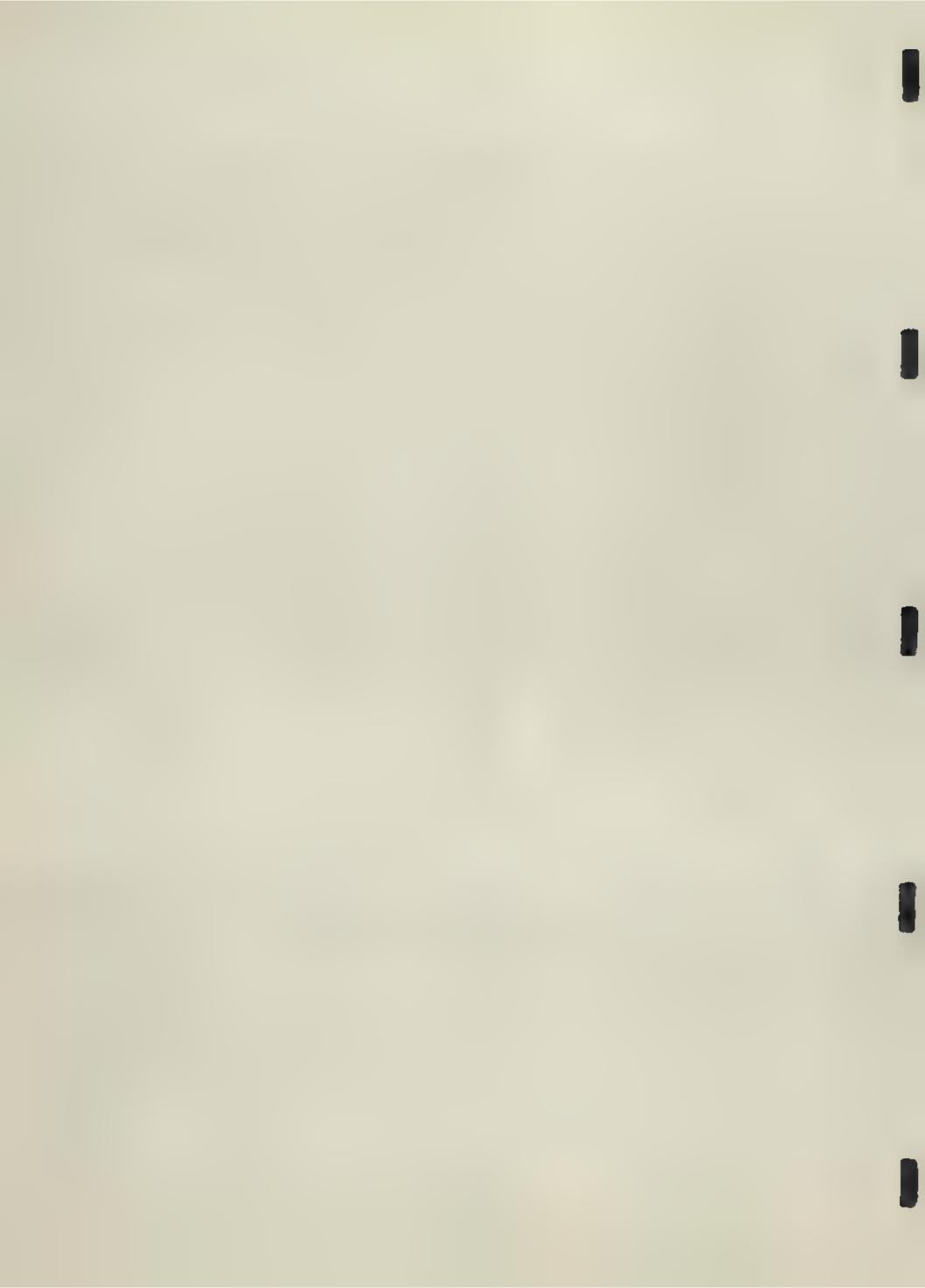




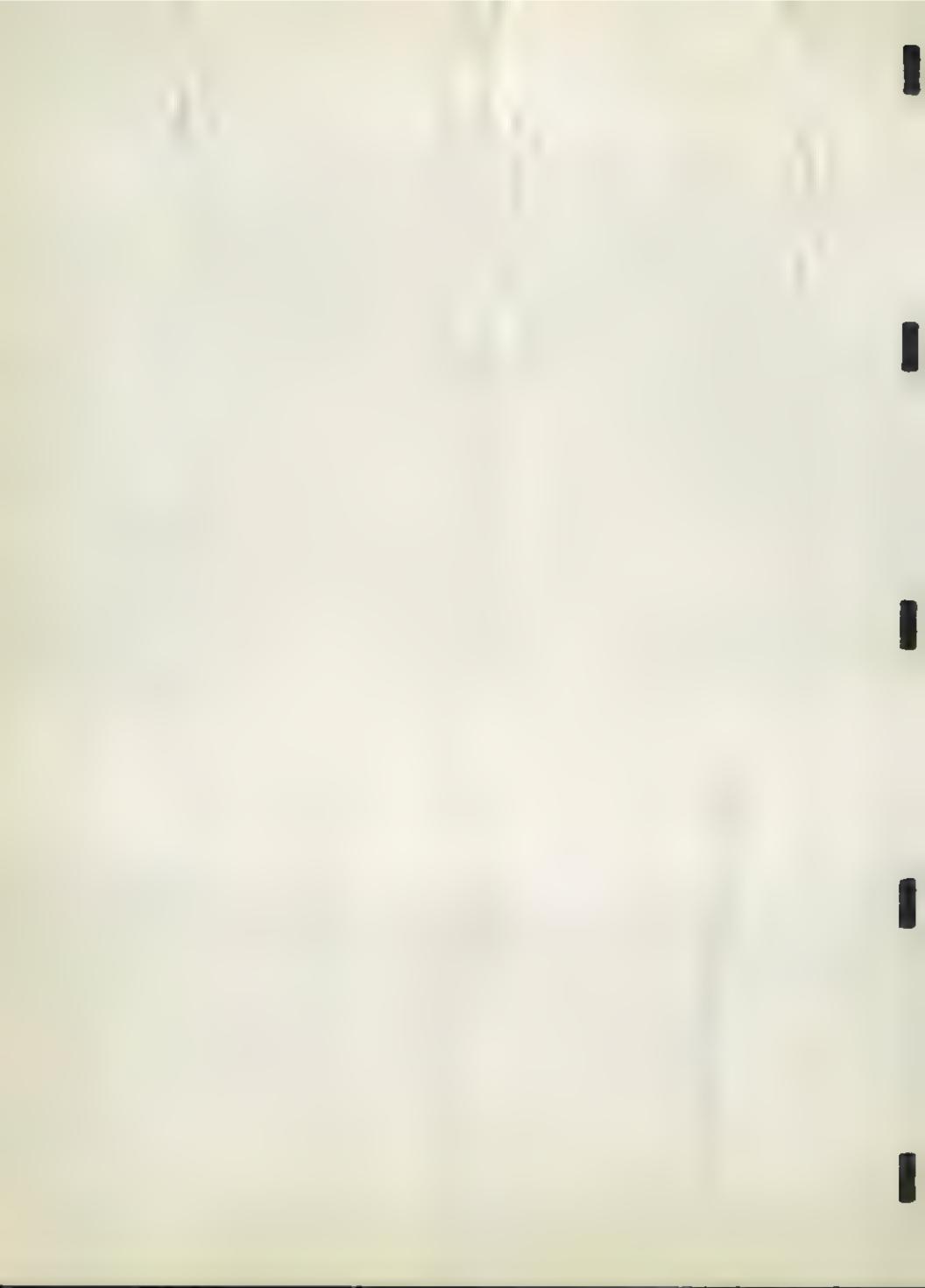




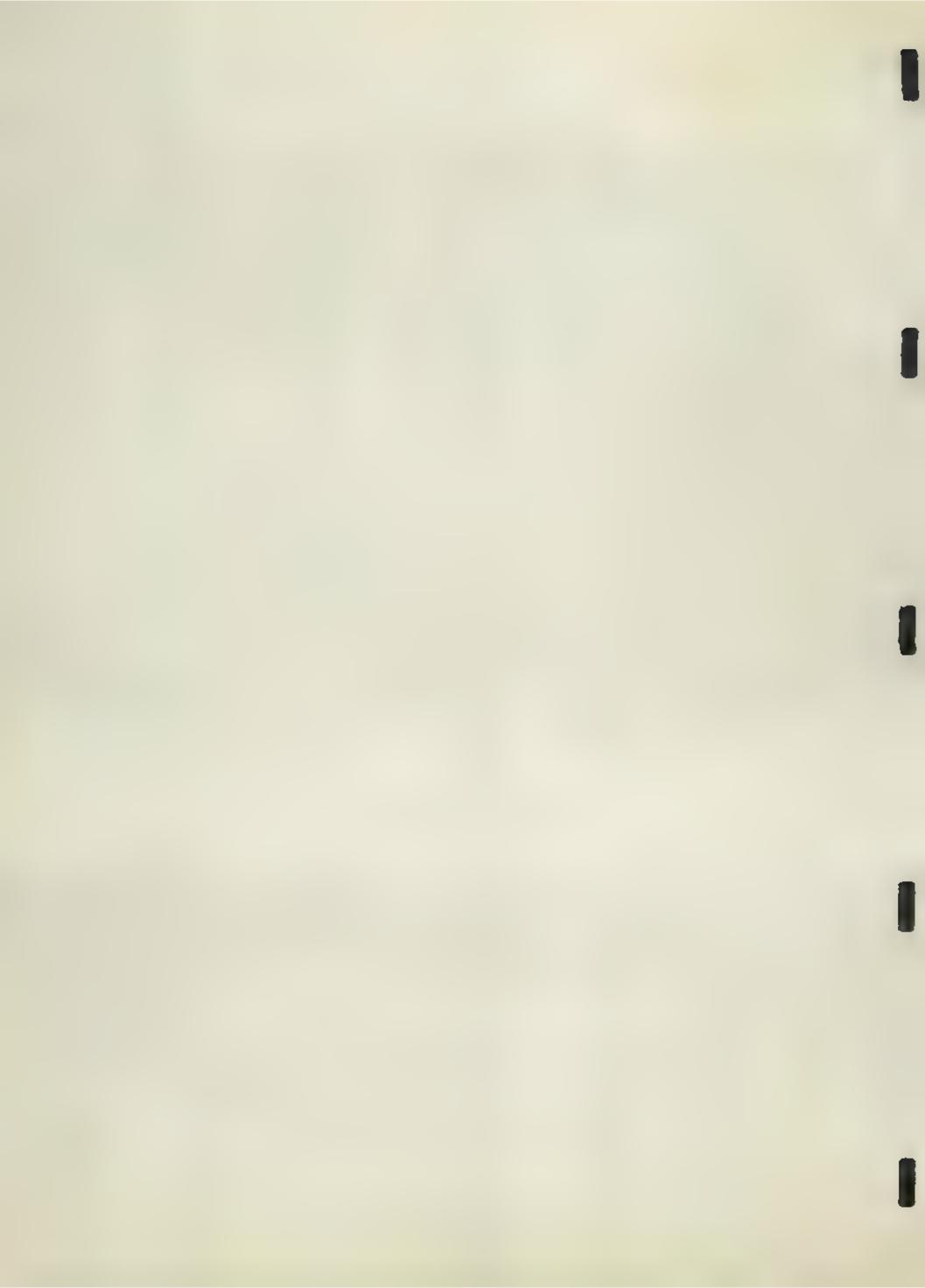




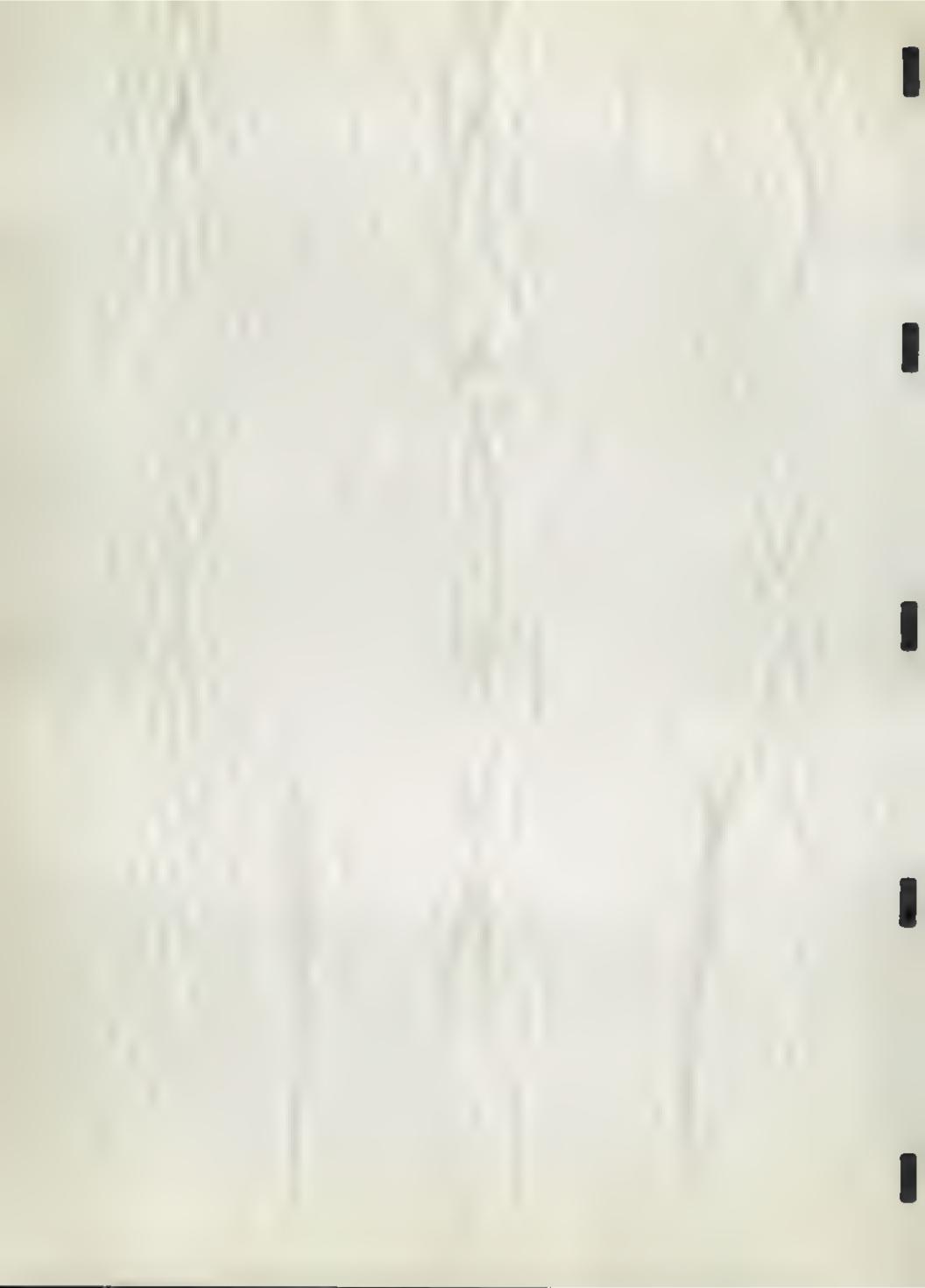




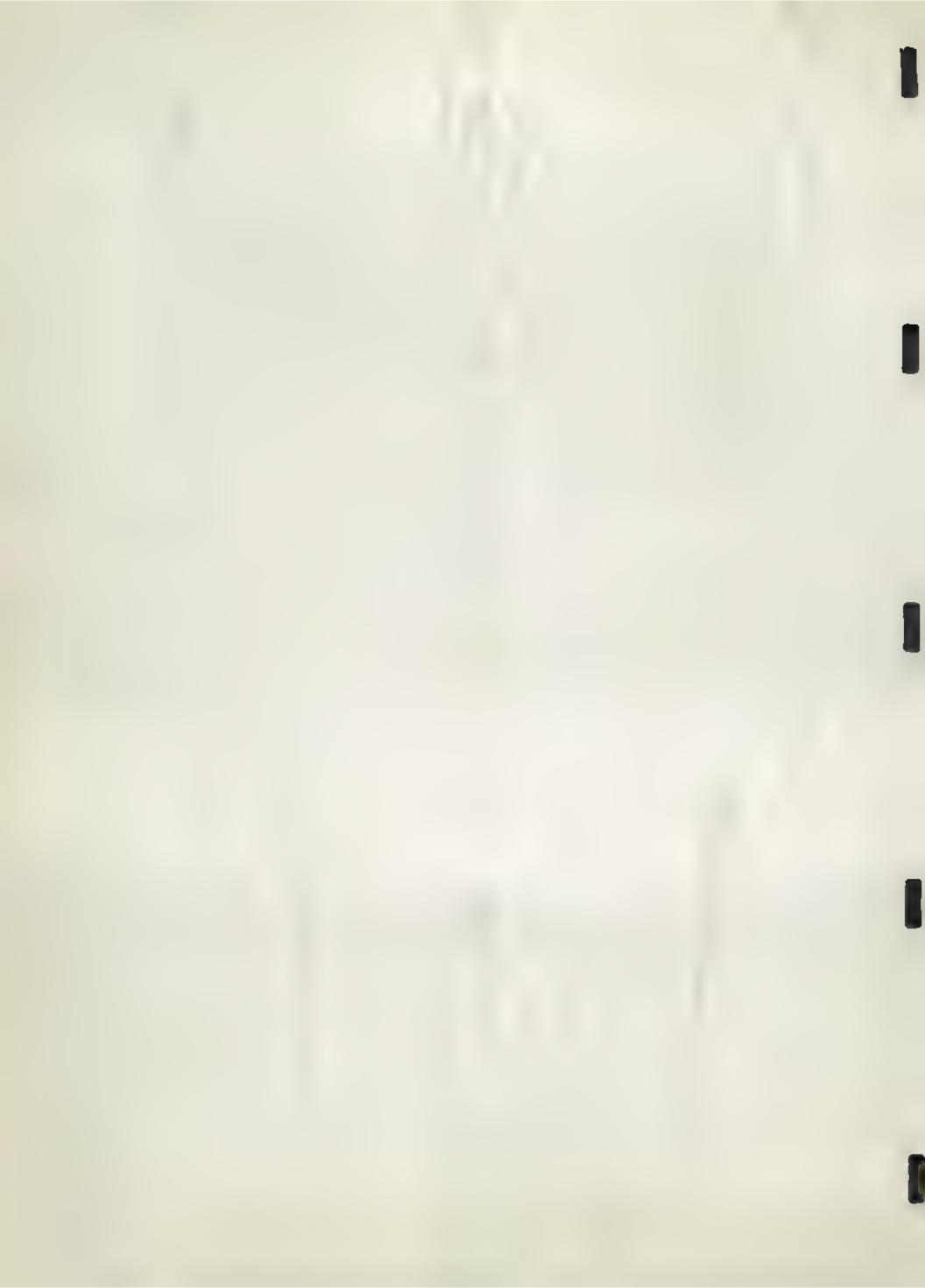








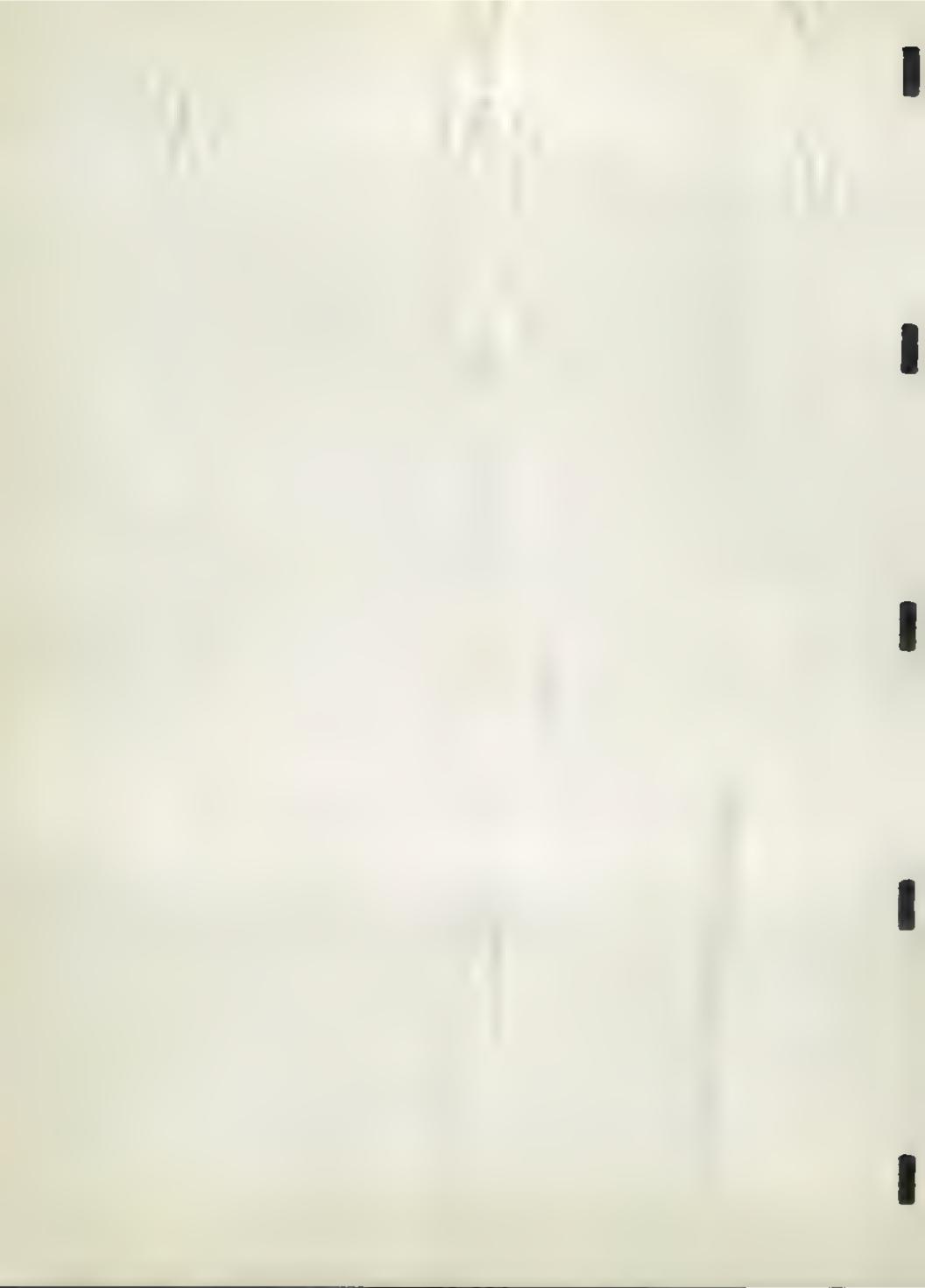




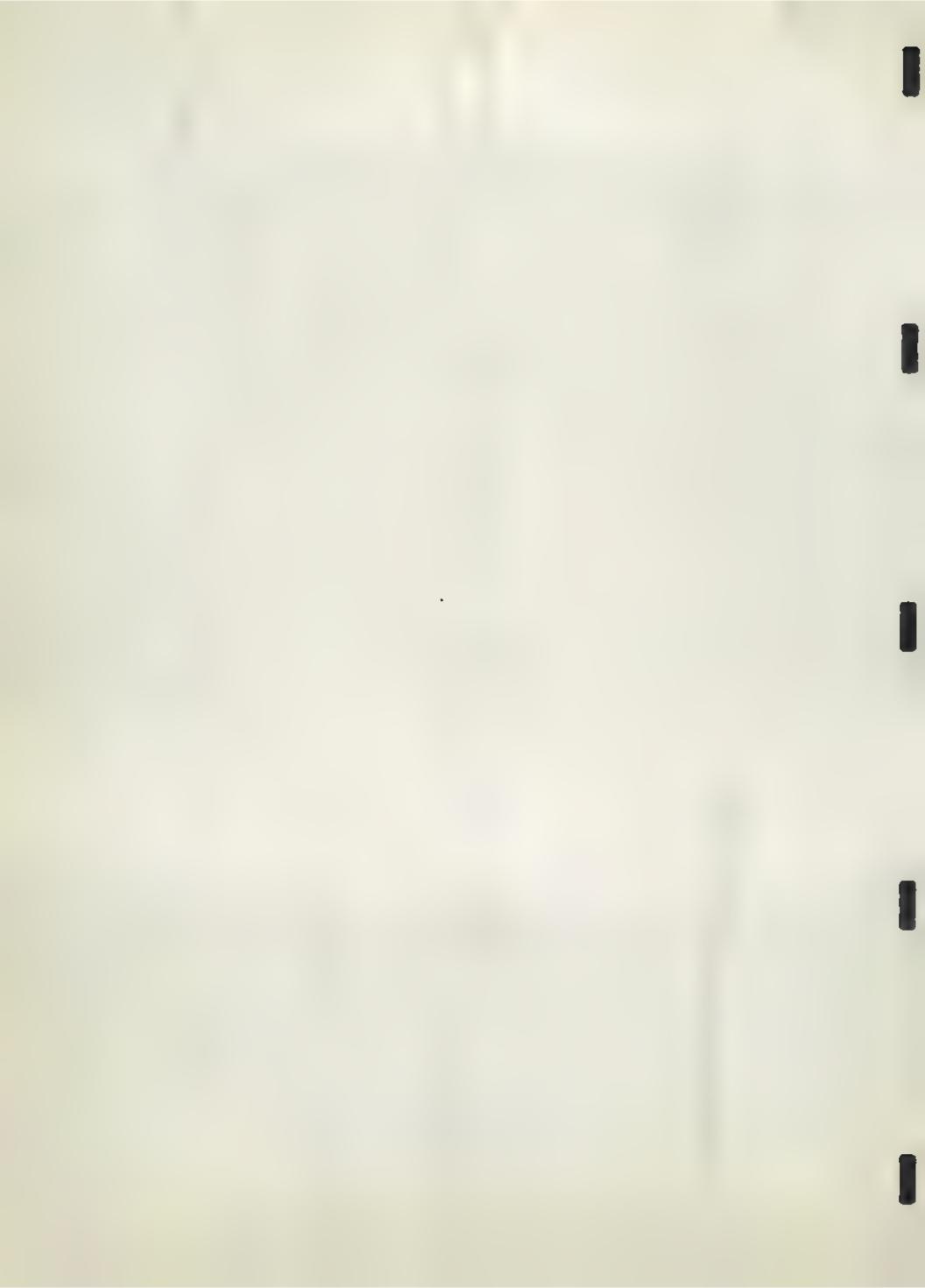


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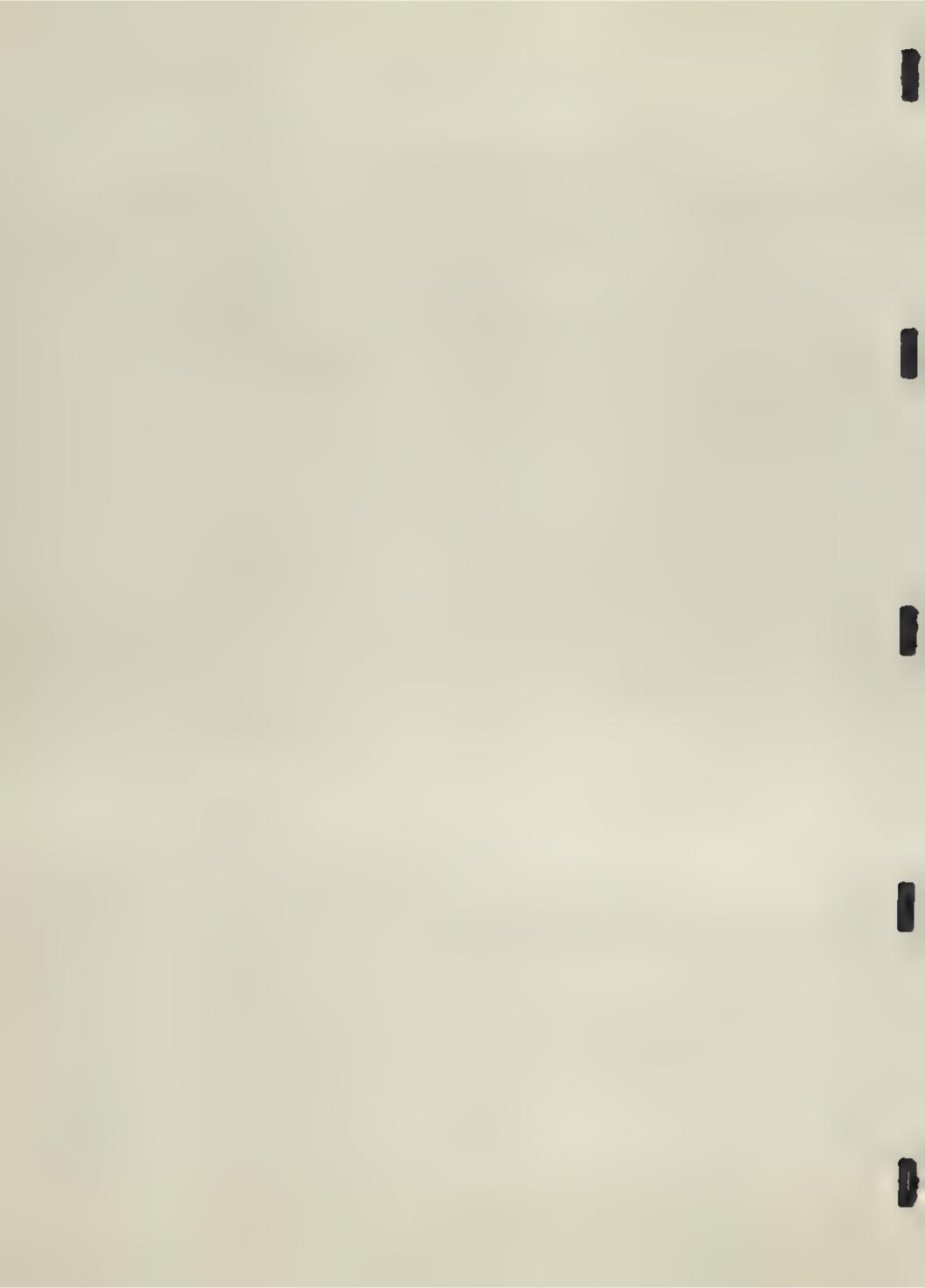
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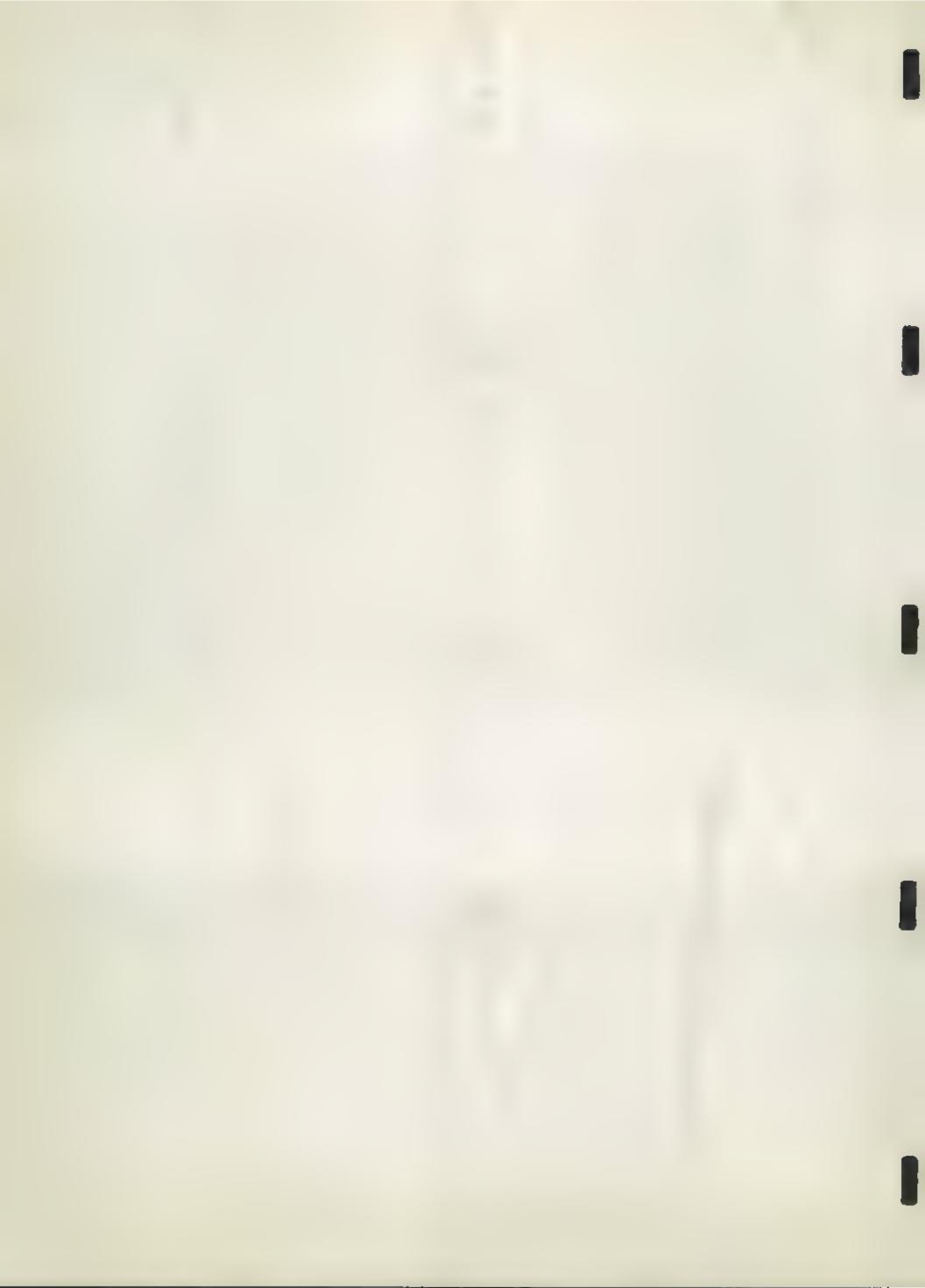


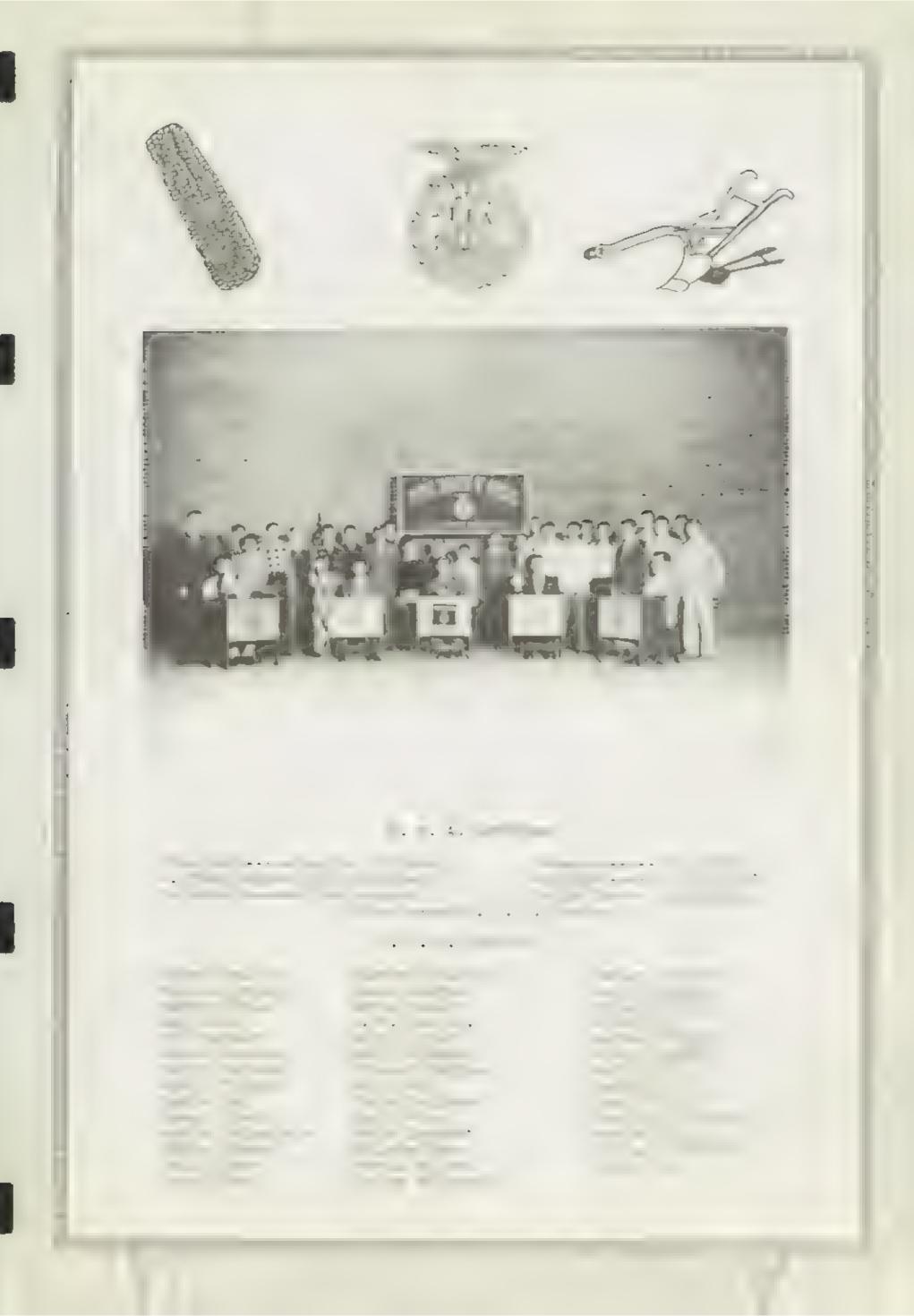


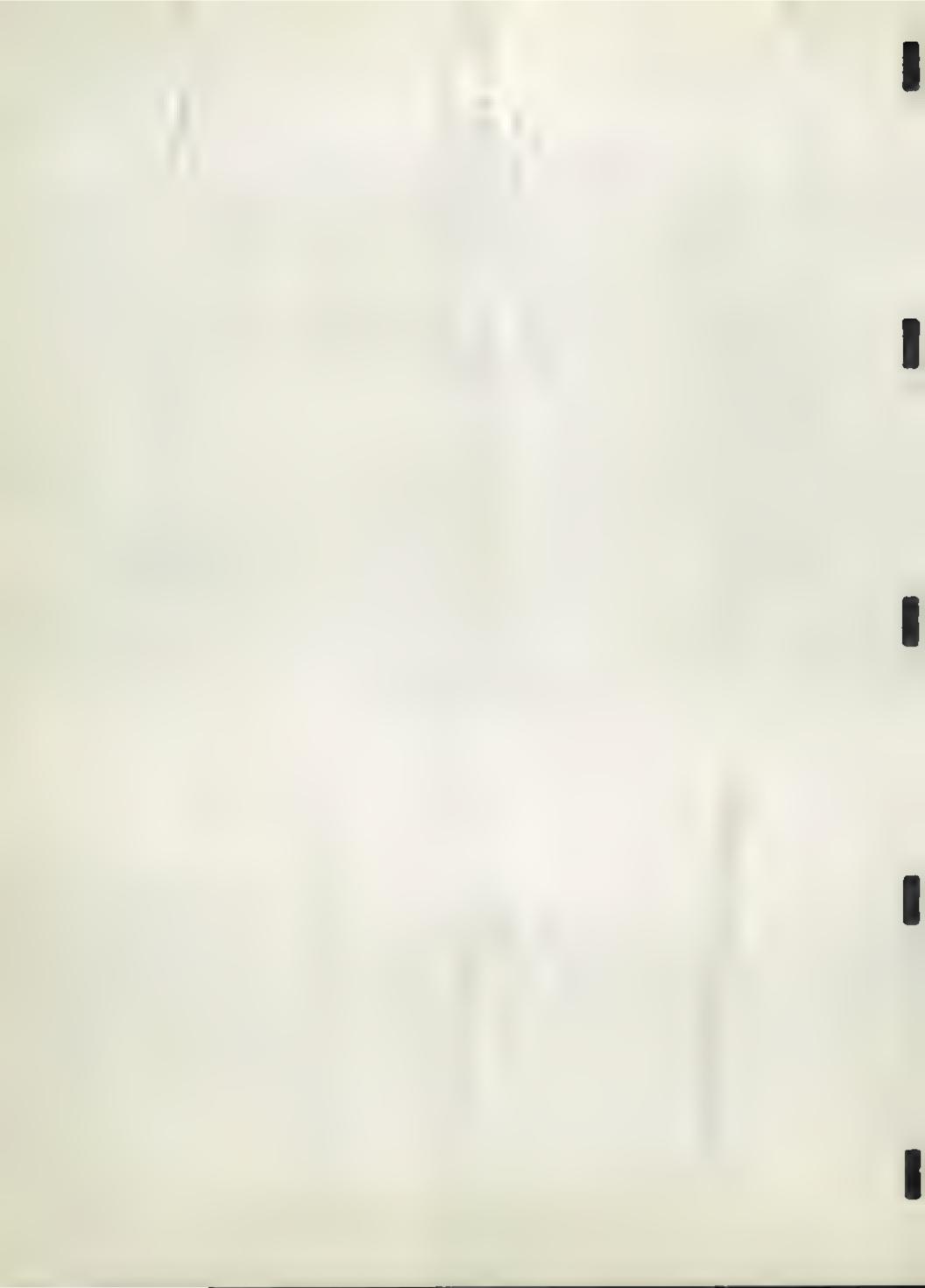


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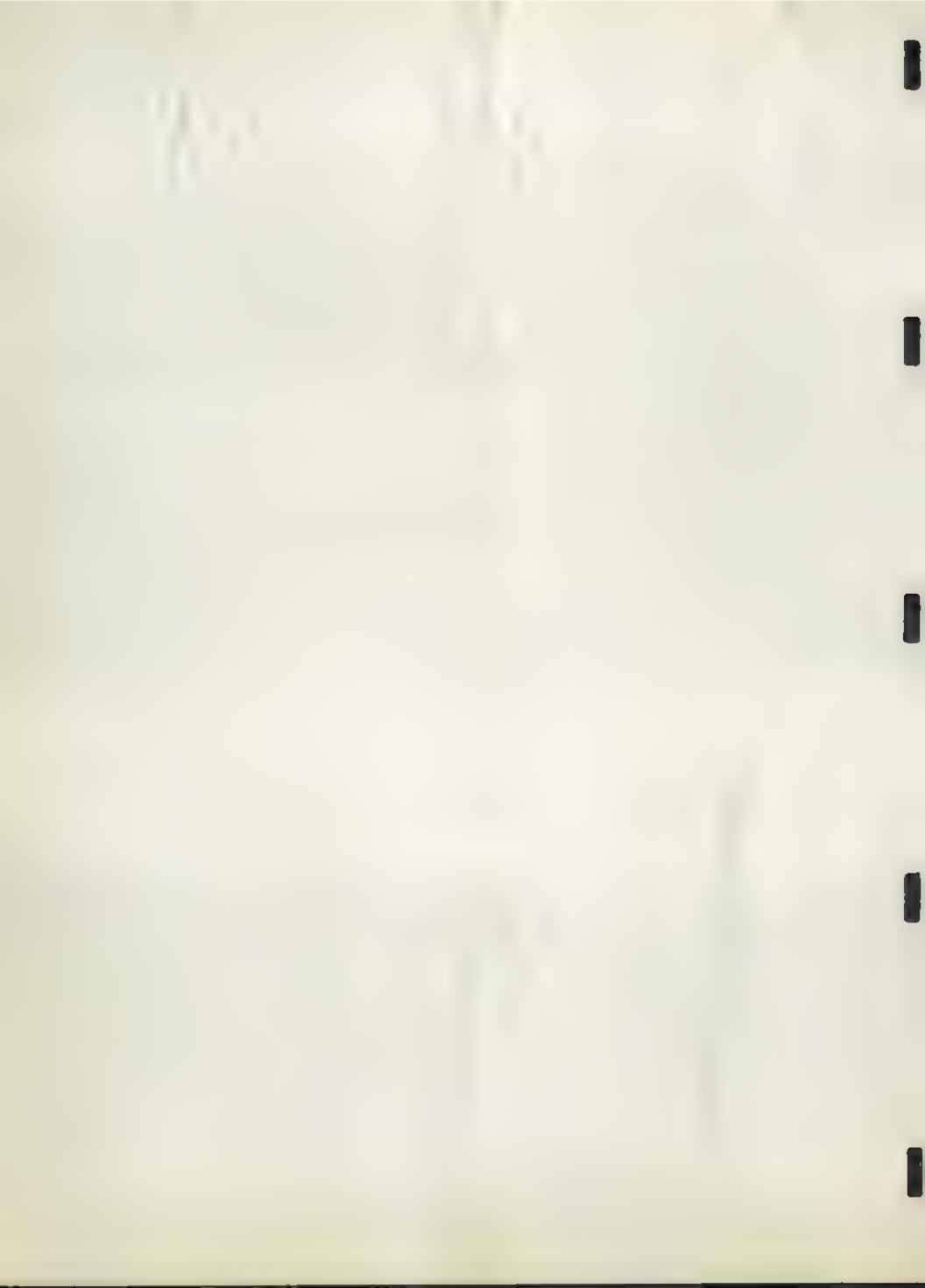




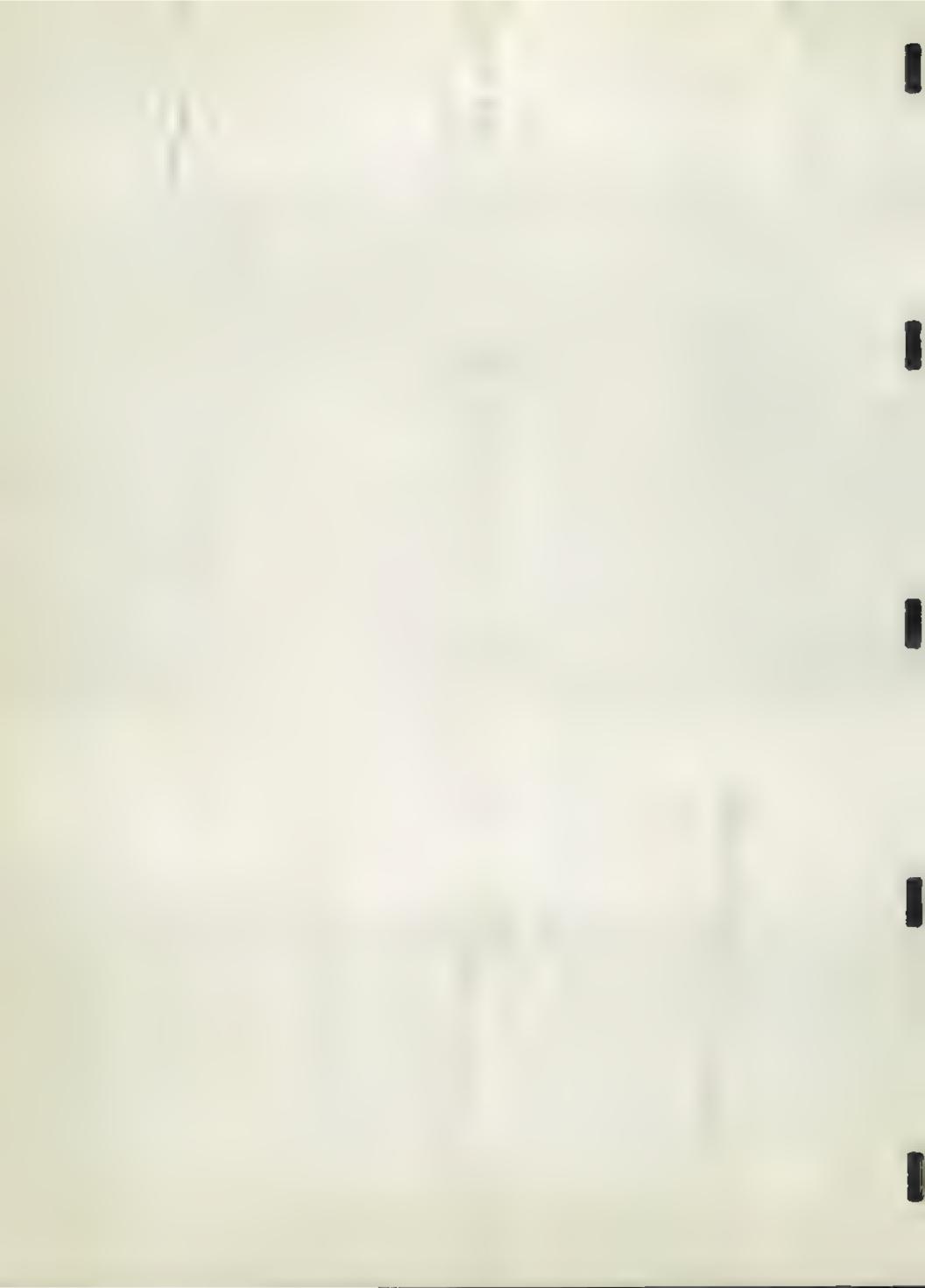


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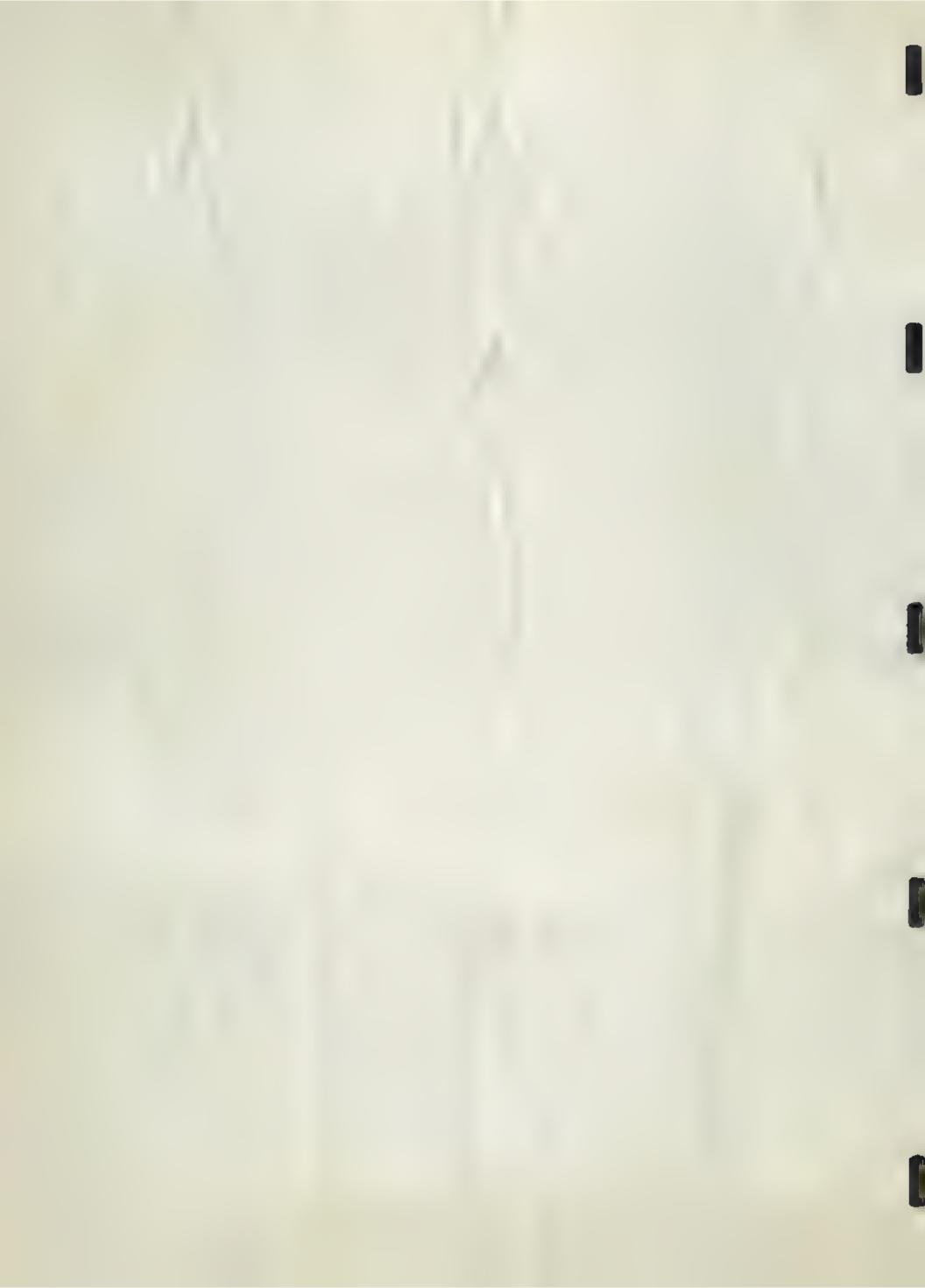




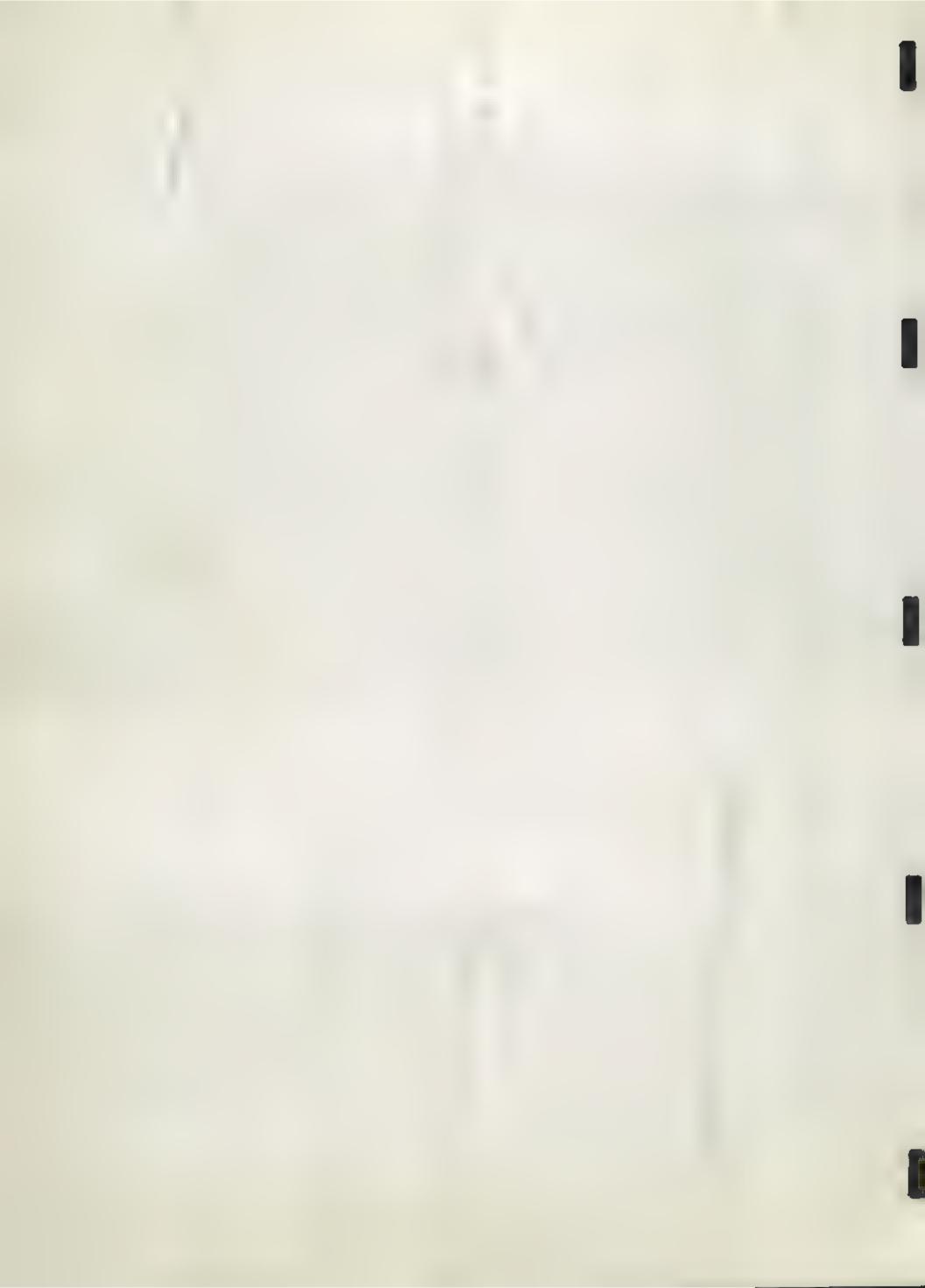


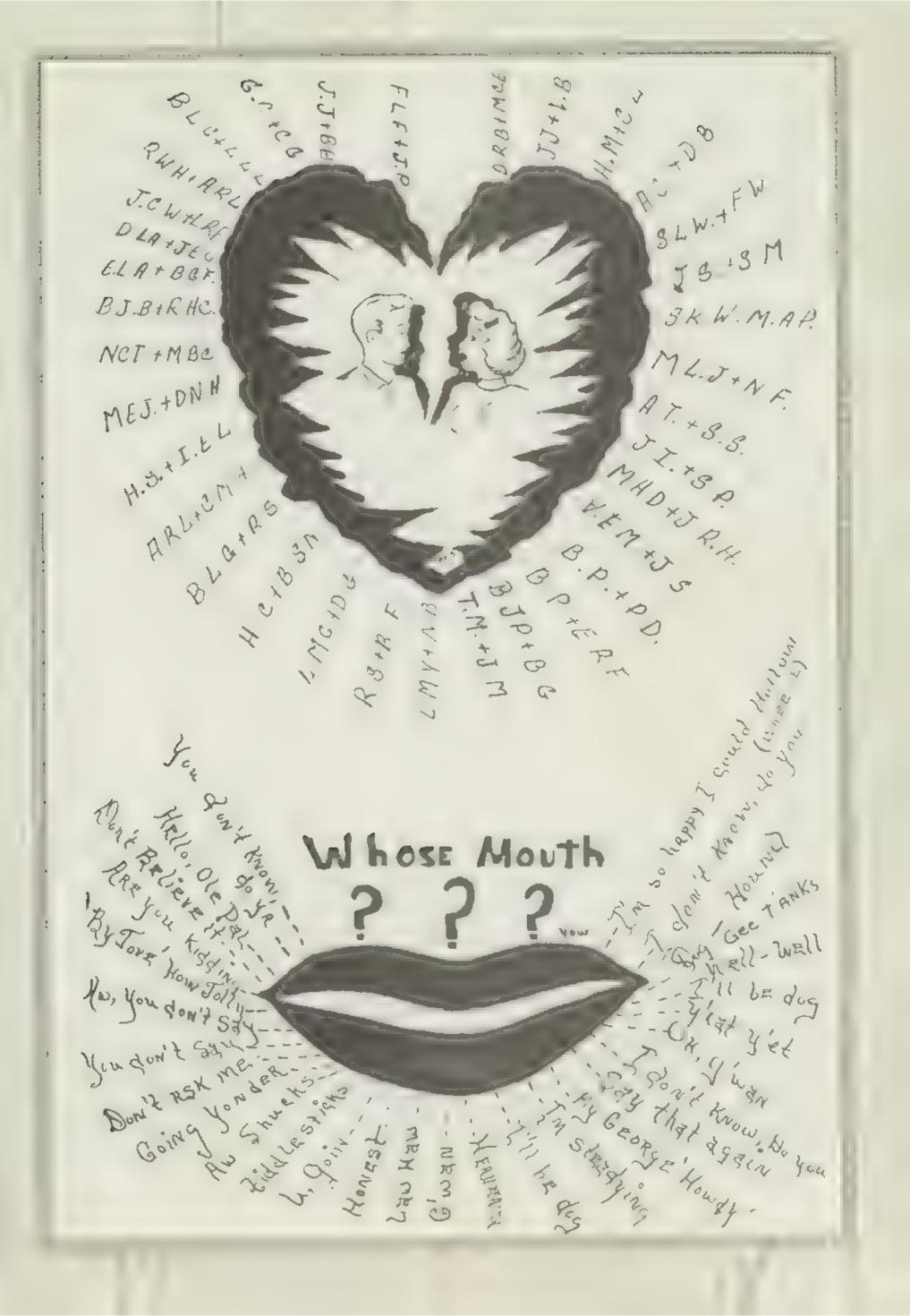


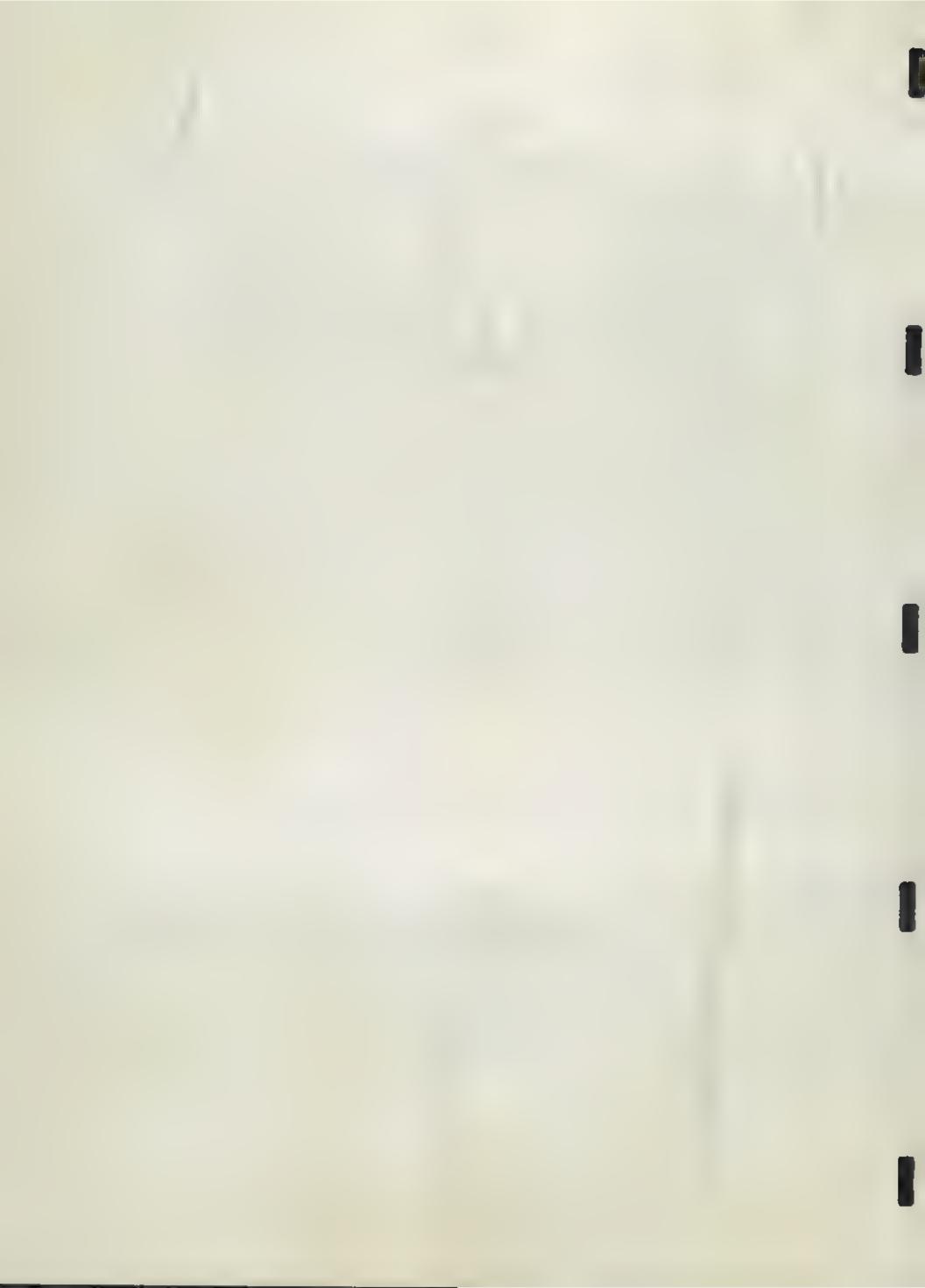


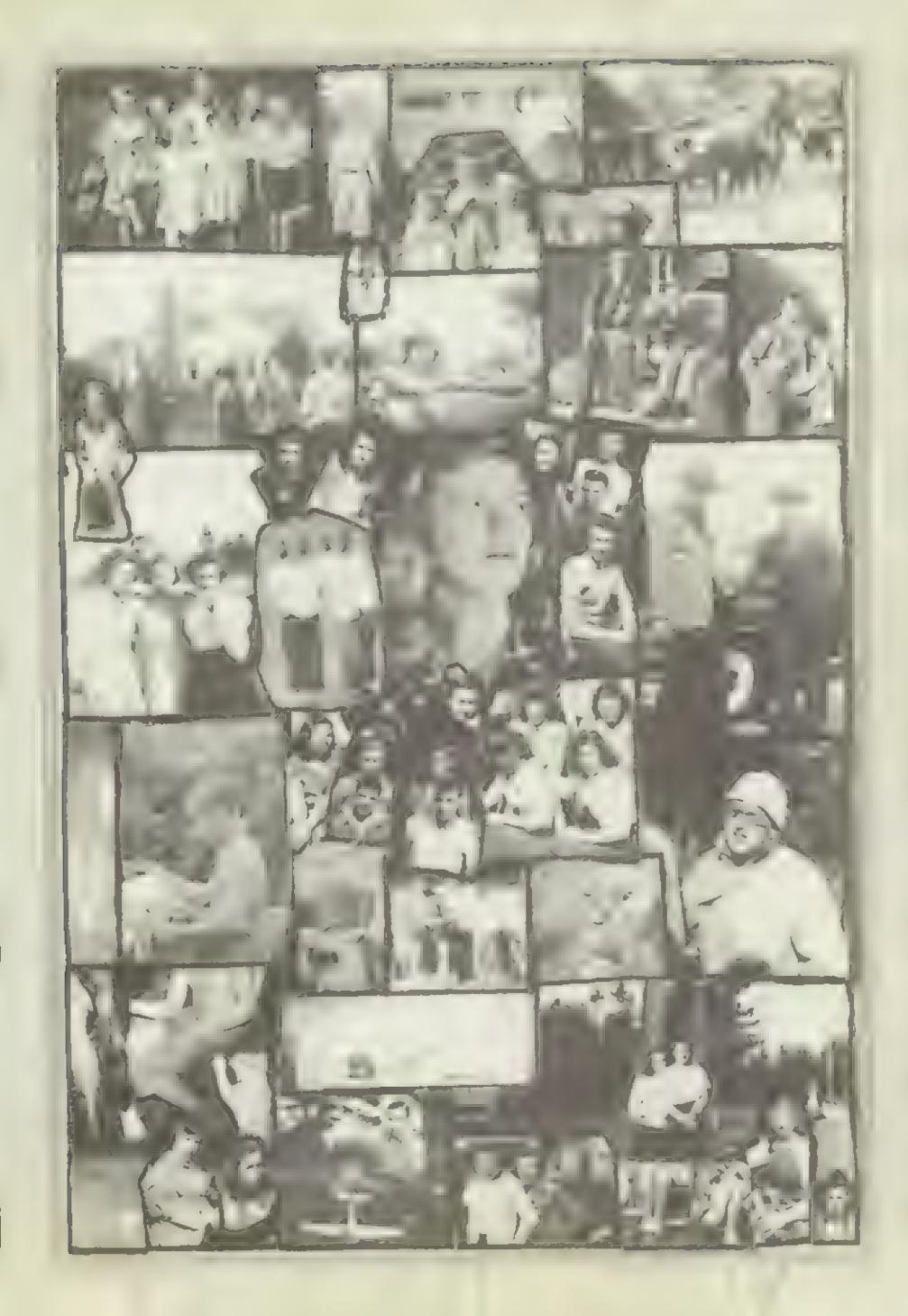




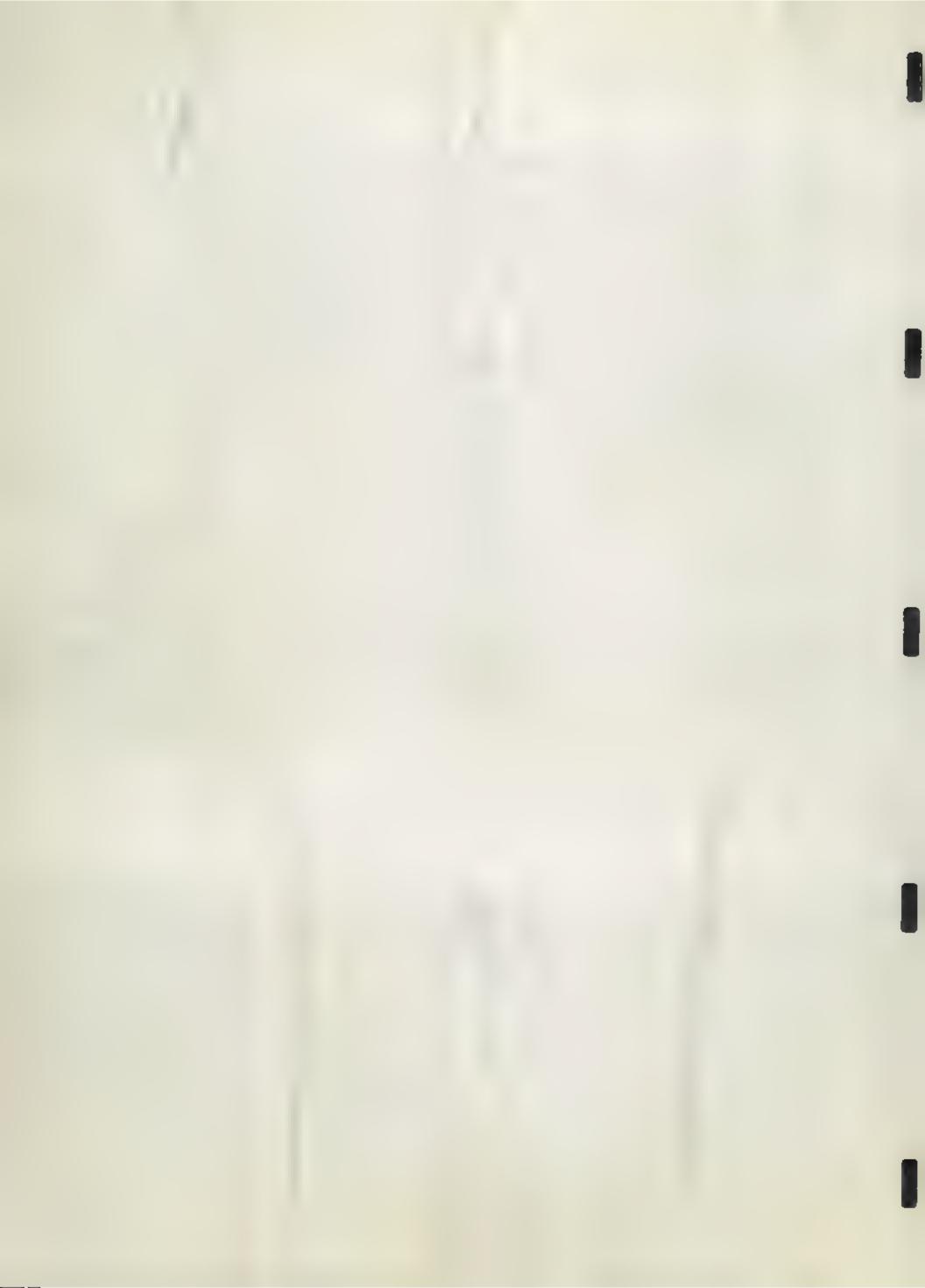




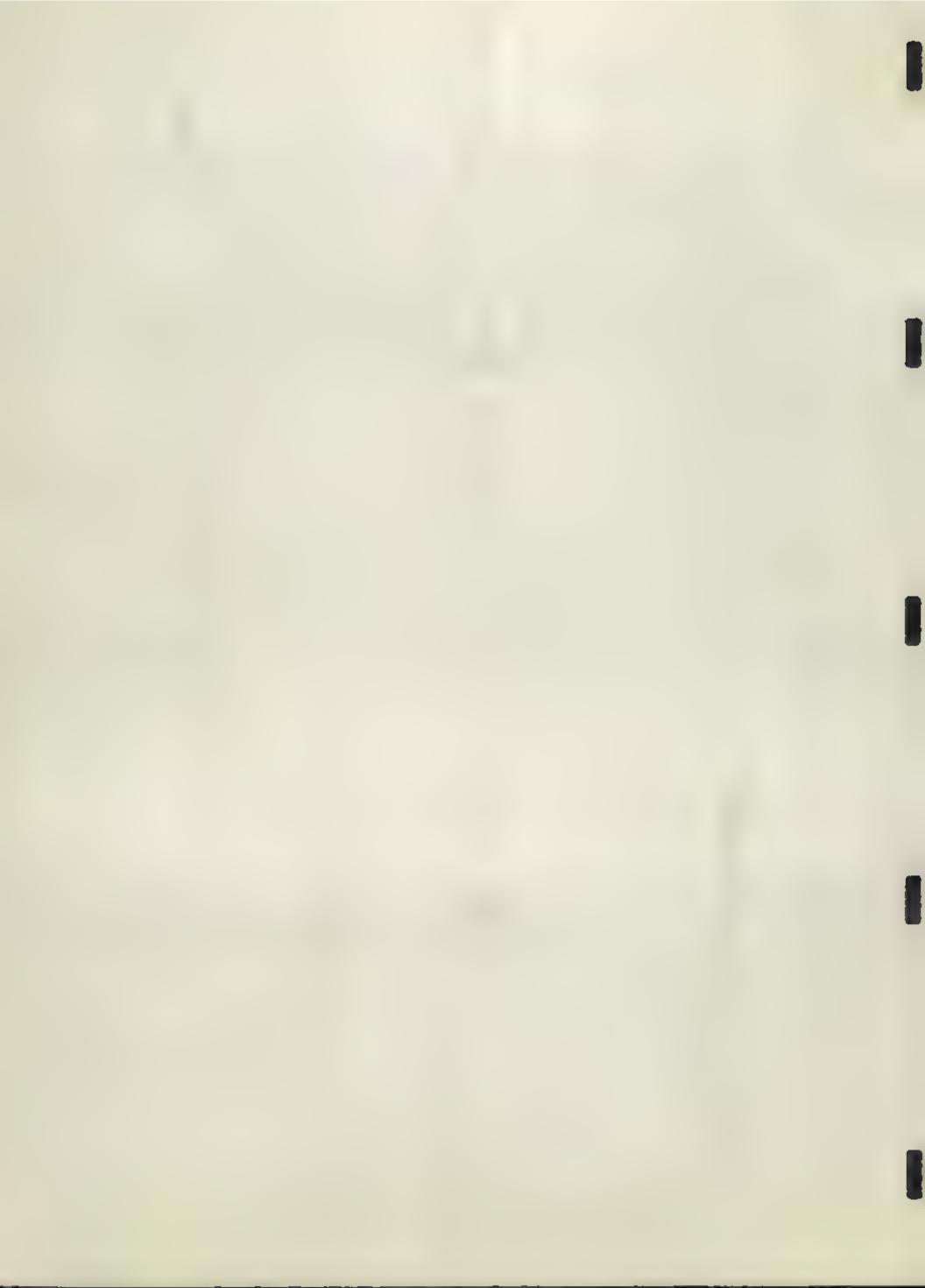


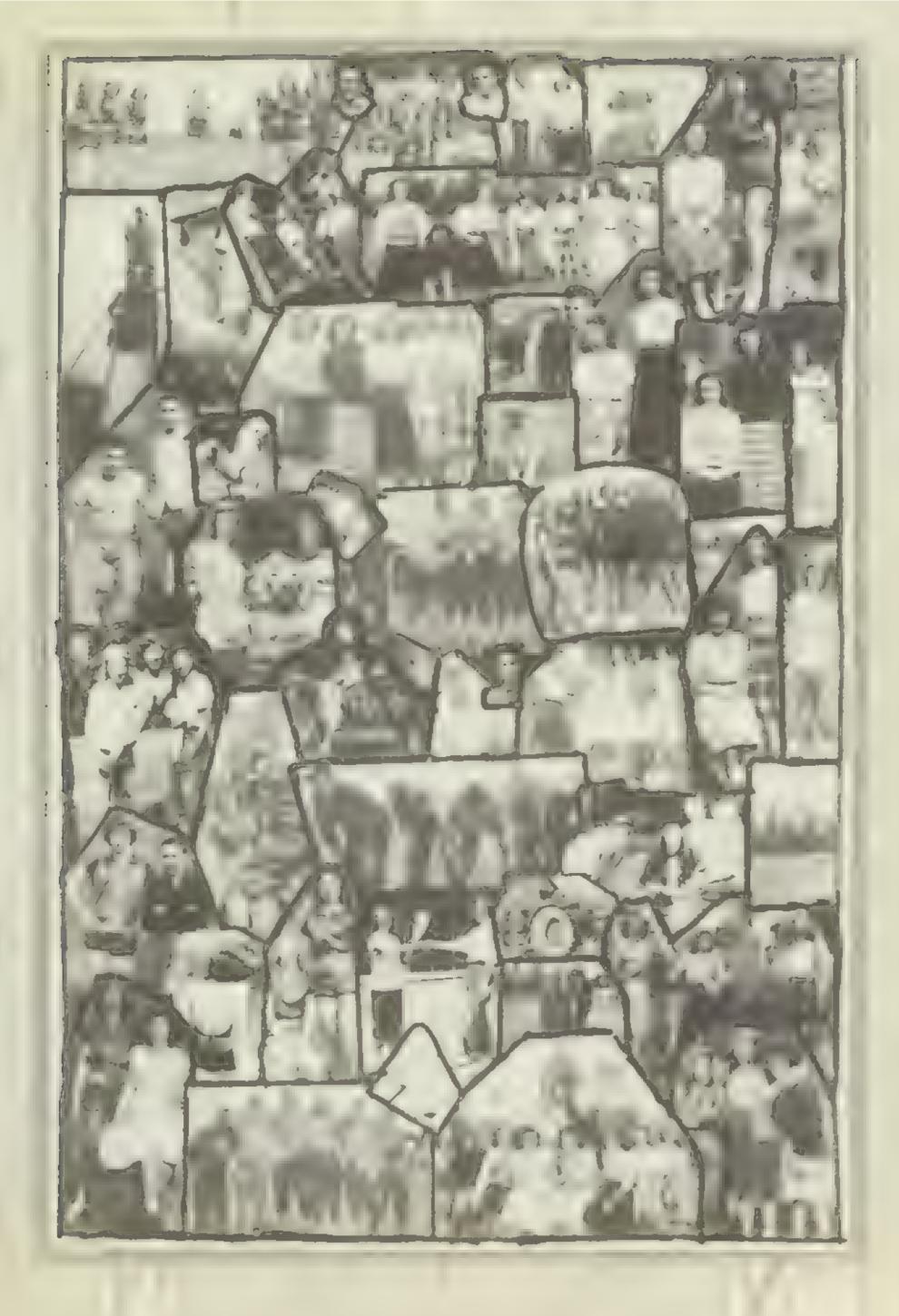


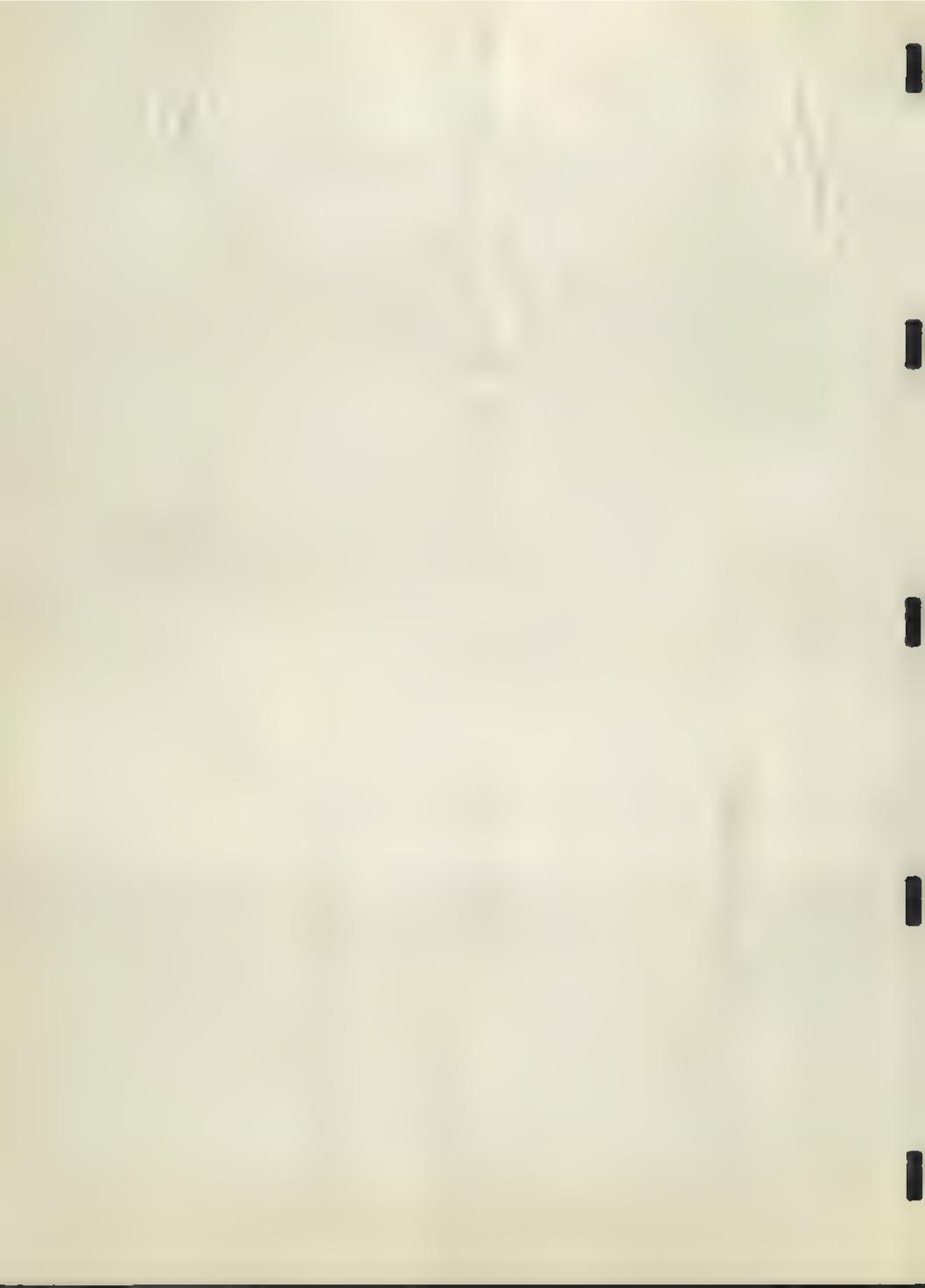
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Sally: "I blush so easily. Whenever I sit down and think, I blush. What can I do about it?"

Psychologist: "Try to think about something else."

Slow Waiter (in a restaurant): "Your coffee, sir; its special from South America, sir."
Ralph: "So that's where you've been?"

Mr. Whiteley: "Hello, Mr. Morgan, voutre looking very miserable."
Mr. Morgan: (reading an advertisement) "Just my luck! Fedicine
going at half price and I'm in perfect health.

Two little girls were discussing their families. "Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.
"I think," said the other little girl, "that she is cramming for her finals."

Deep in the throes of silence was the romantic couple as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanted woodland path, when the girl broke the spell.

"Yes, Mary Cathern, my sweet," he coosd in ecstasy of anticipa-

"Then," said Mary Cathern, " you'd better wipe your nose; it's running."

Mr. Morgan: "Can you tell me anything about the great chemists of the 18th century?"

Charles: "They're all dead!

Definition of marriage: When bushels of kisses are reduced to little pecks.

Mrs. Swain: "Judy, where have you been untill 3:00 A. M.?"
Judy: "Walking, Mother."
Mrs. Swain: "For goodness sake!"
Judy: "Yes, mother."

A Geometry Major Given: I Love You To Prove: That you love me.

Proof: 1) I love you----given

2) Therefore, I am a lover.

3) All the world loves a lover.

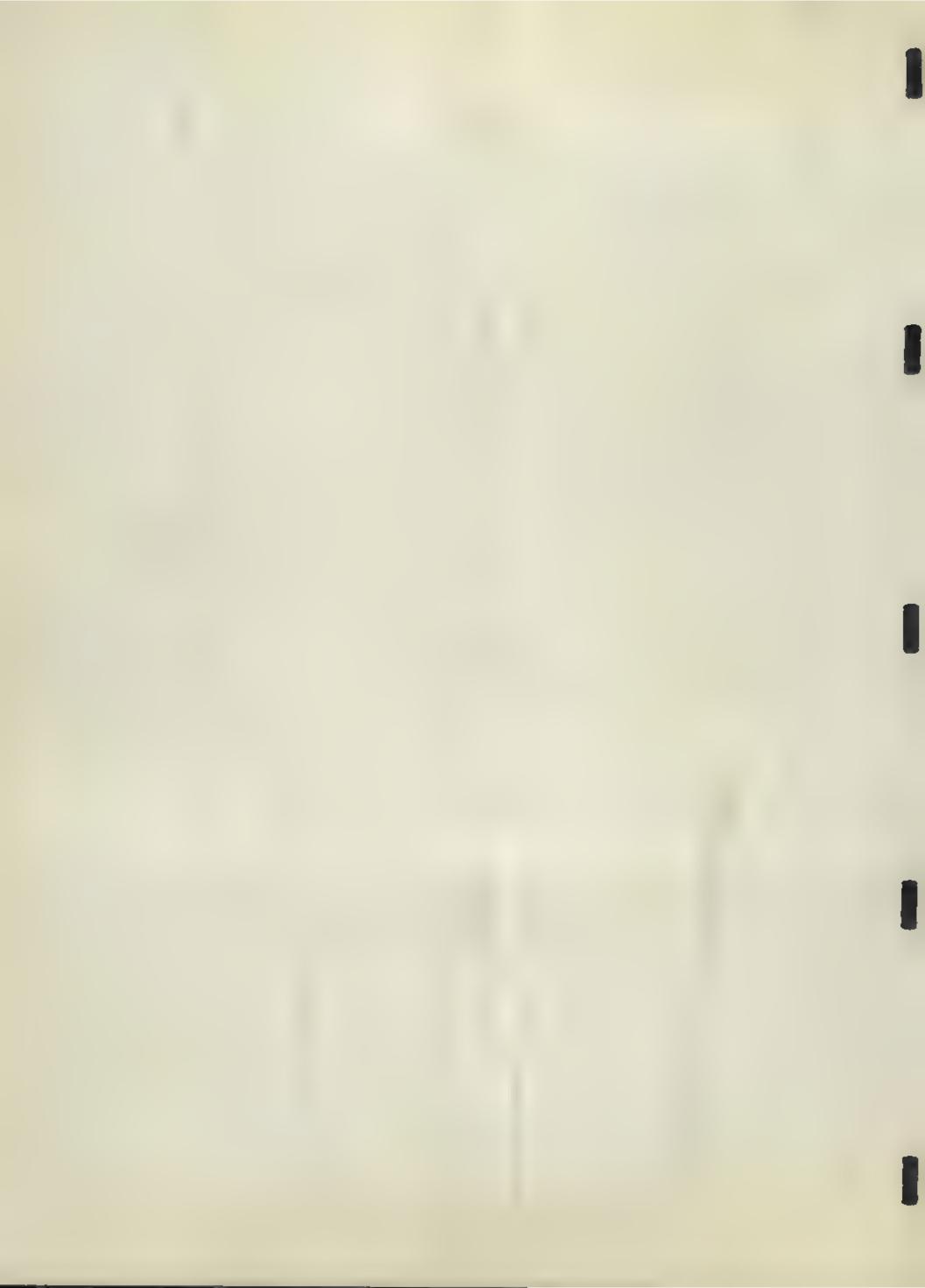
4) You are all the world to me.

5) Therefore, you love me.

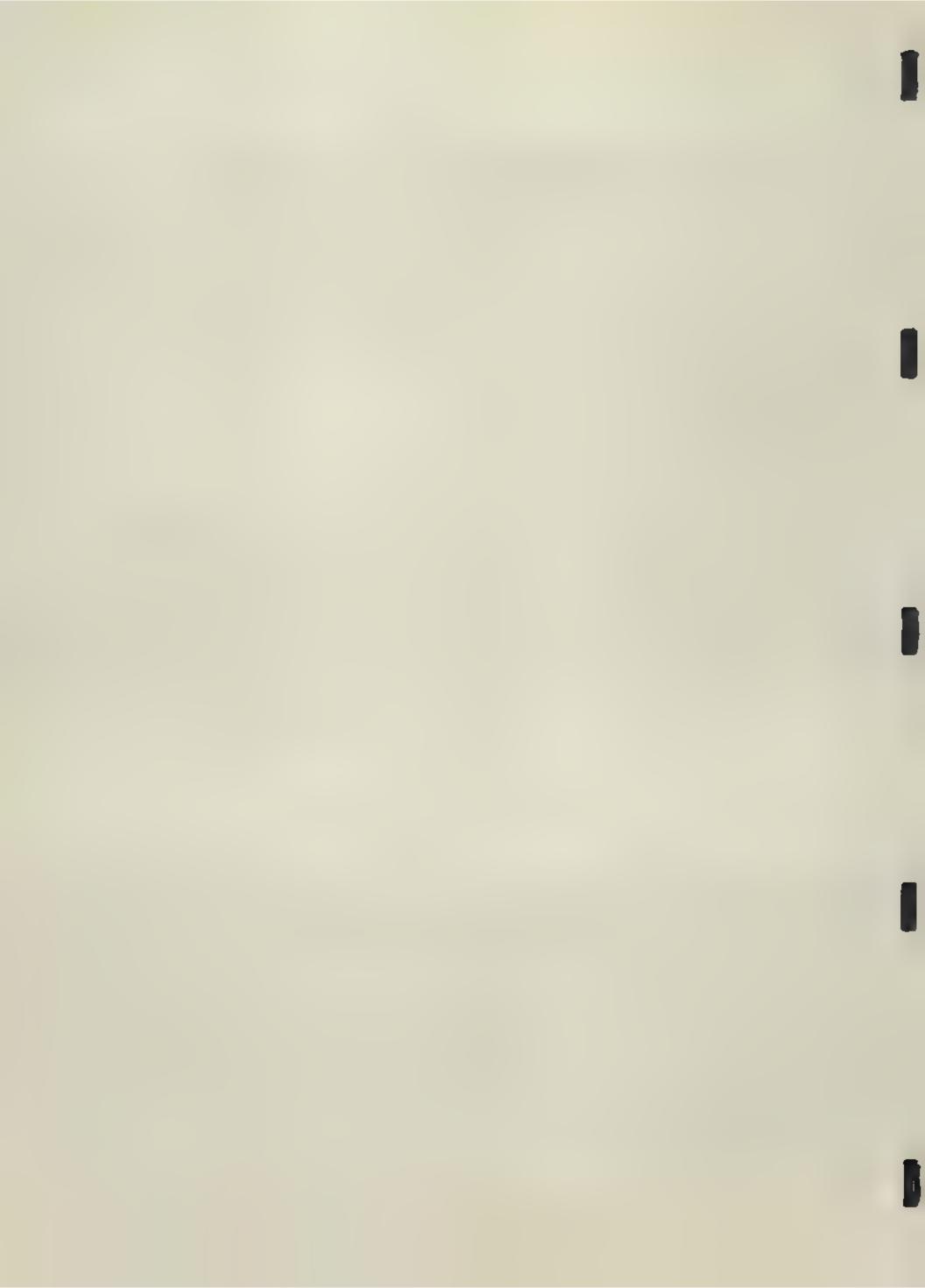
Mrs. Morgan: "The doctor is here, dear."
Mr. Morgan: (absentmindedly)"Dear me! I'm in bed, I can't see him.
Er....tell him I'm ill.

Ralph: "I'm tired. I was out with a nurse last night."
Howard: "Cheer up ole boy. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one, sometime."

Coach: "What's his name?"
Manager: "Osscowinsinski."
Coach: "Put him on the first team. Boy, will I get even with the newspapers."







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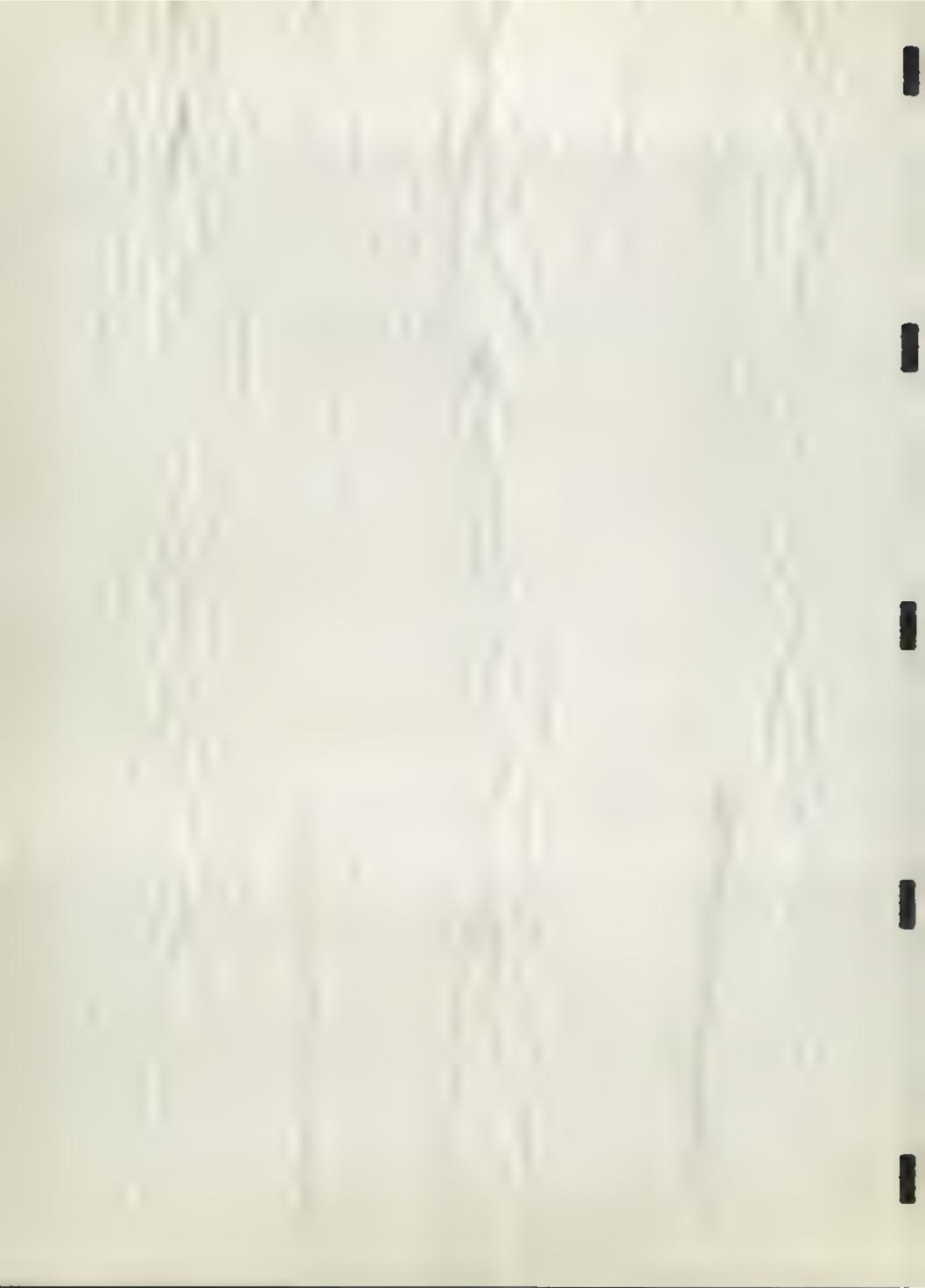
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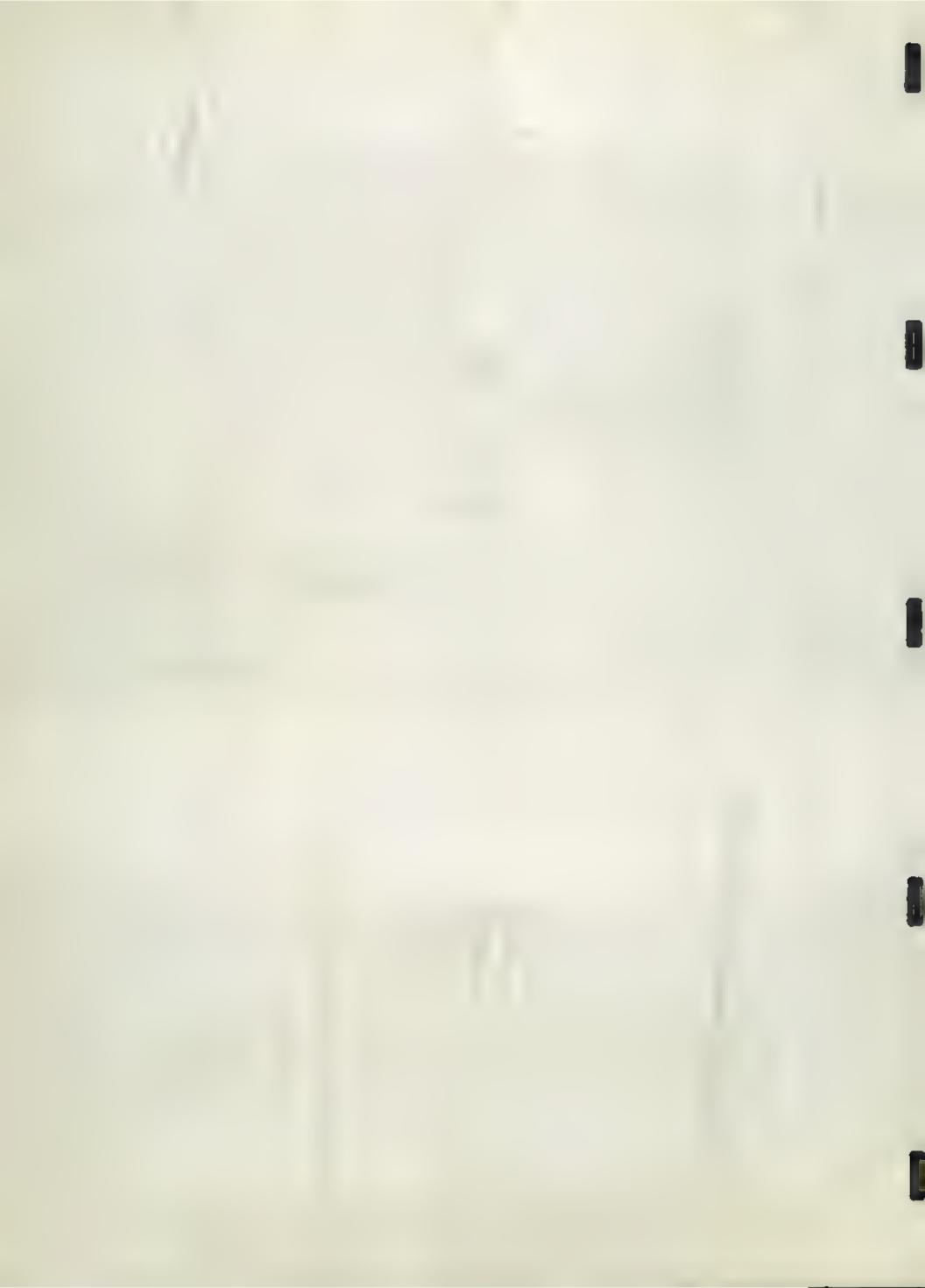
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PLACE FAITH IN TODAY'S LESSONS
THAT TOMORROW YOU TEACH OTHERS.

Three horsemen one night in the d.m. misty past were riding across an Arabian desert when they came to a dry bed of a river. Suddenly out of the darkness came a command to "halt!" They obeyed.

The voice told them to dismount, pick up a handful of pebbles, put them in their pockets and proceed. Then said the Voice: "You have done as I commanded. Tomorrow at sun-up you will be both glad and sorry."

The horsemen rode on, uneasy and perplexed. Next morning at sunrise they reached into their pockets and found that a miracle had happened. The pebbles had been transformed into diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. As the Voice had said, they were both glad and sorry - glad they had taken some, and sorry they had not taken more!

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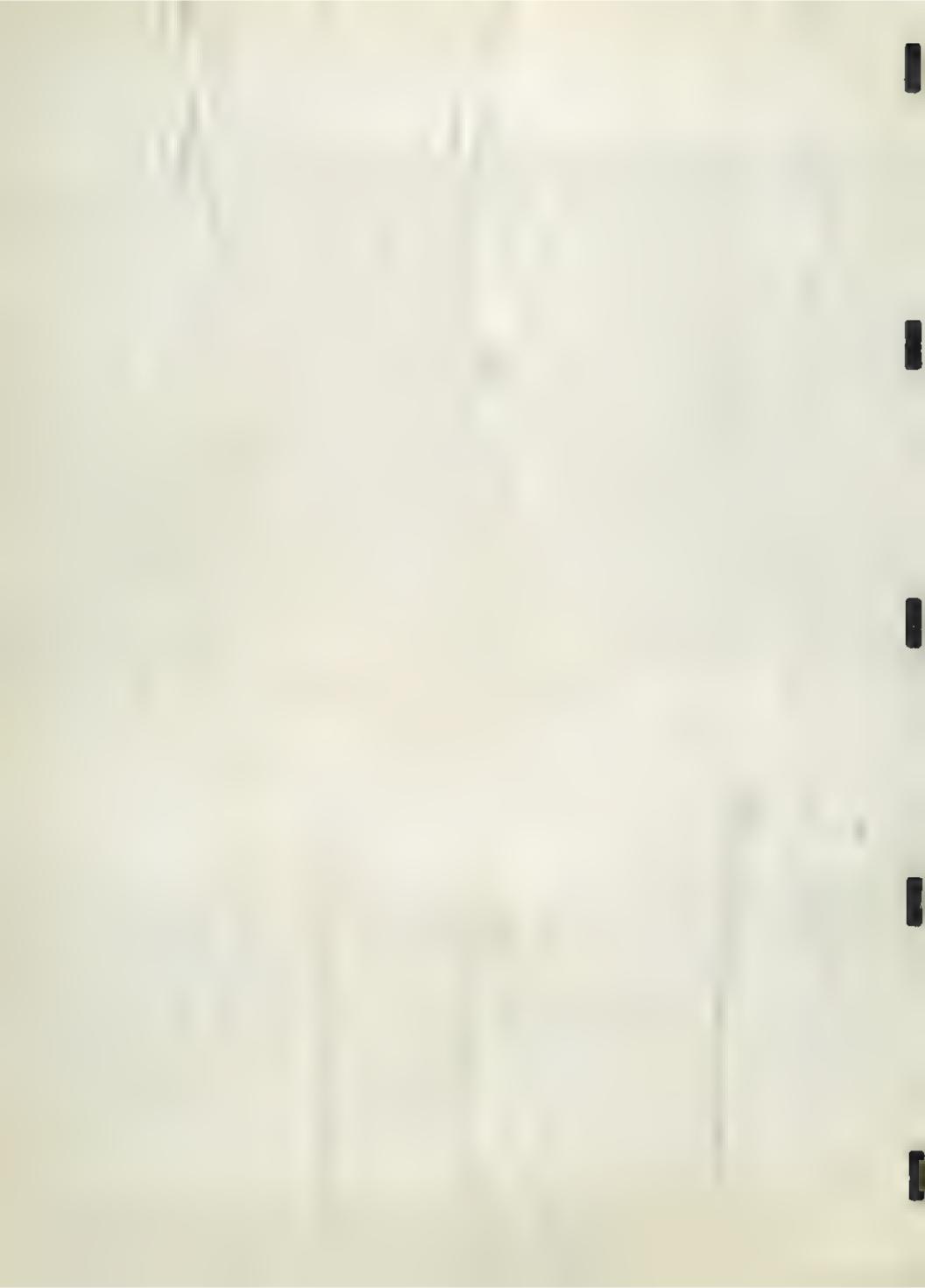
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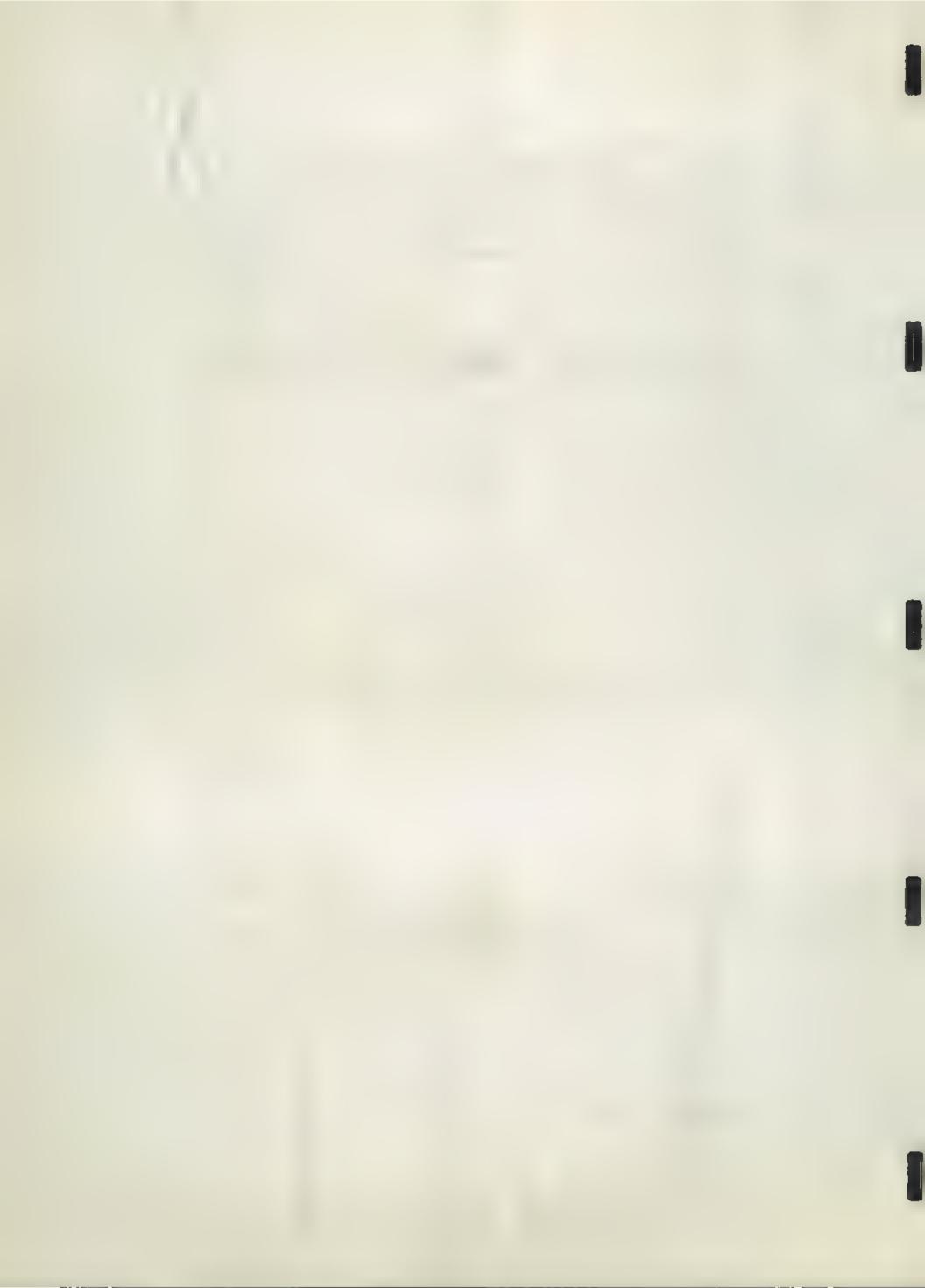


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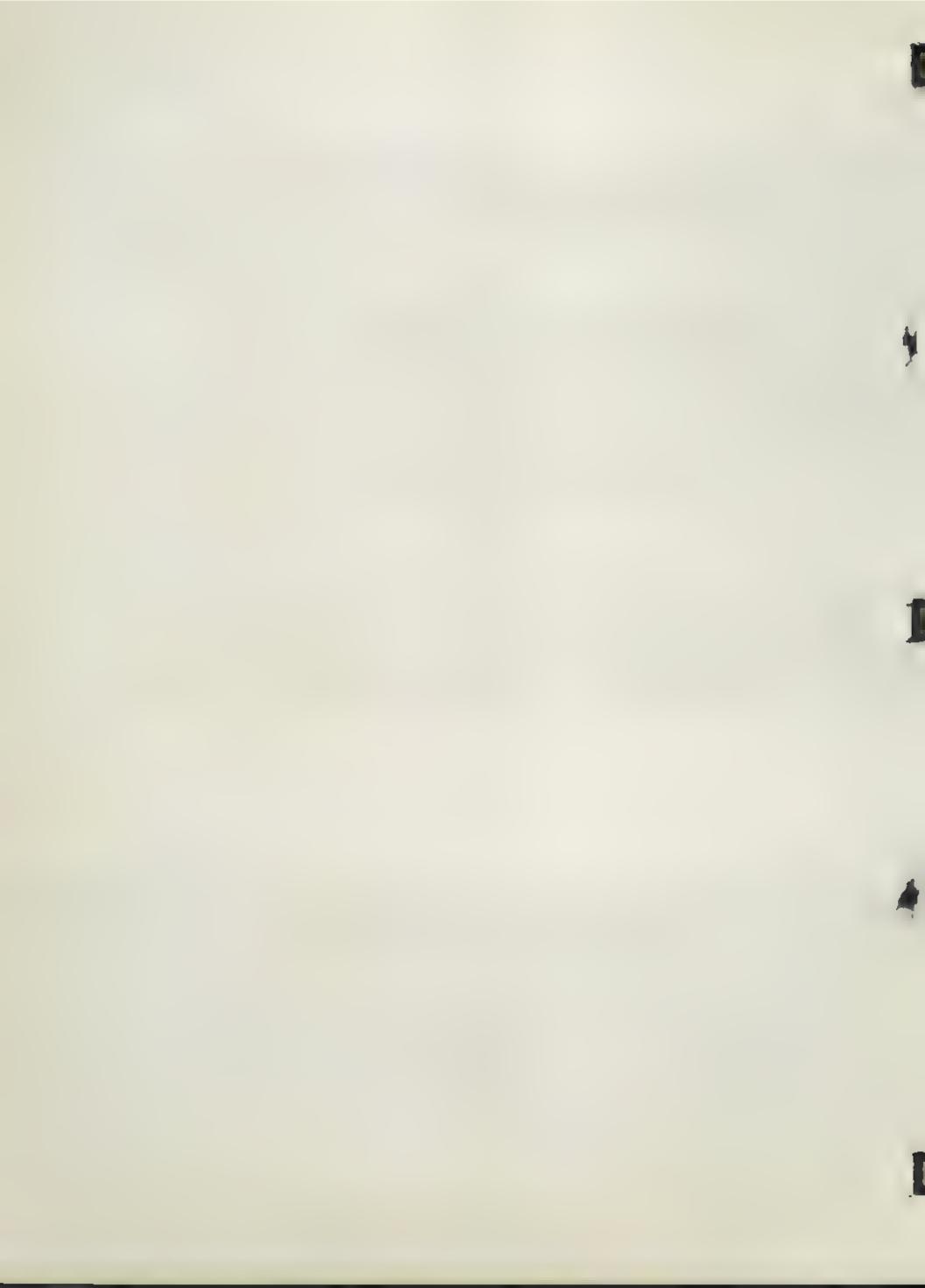
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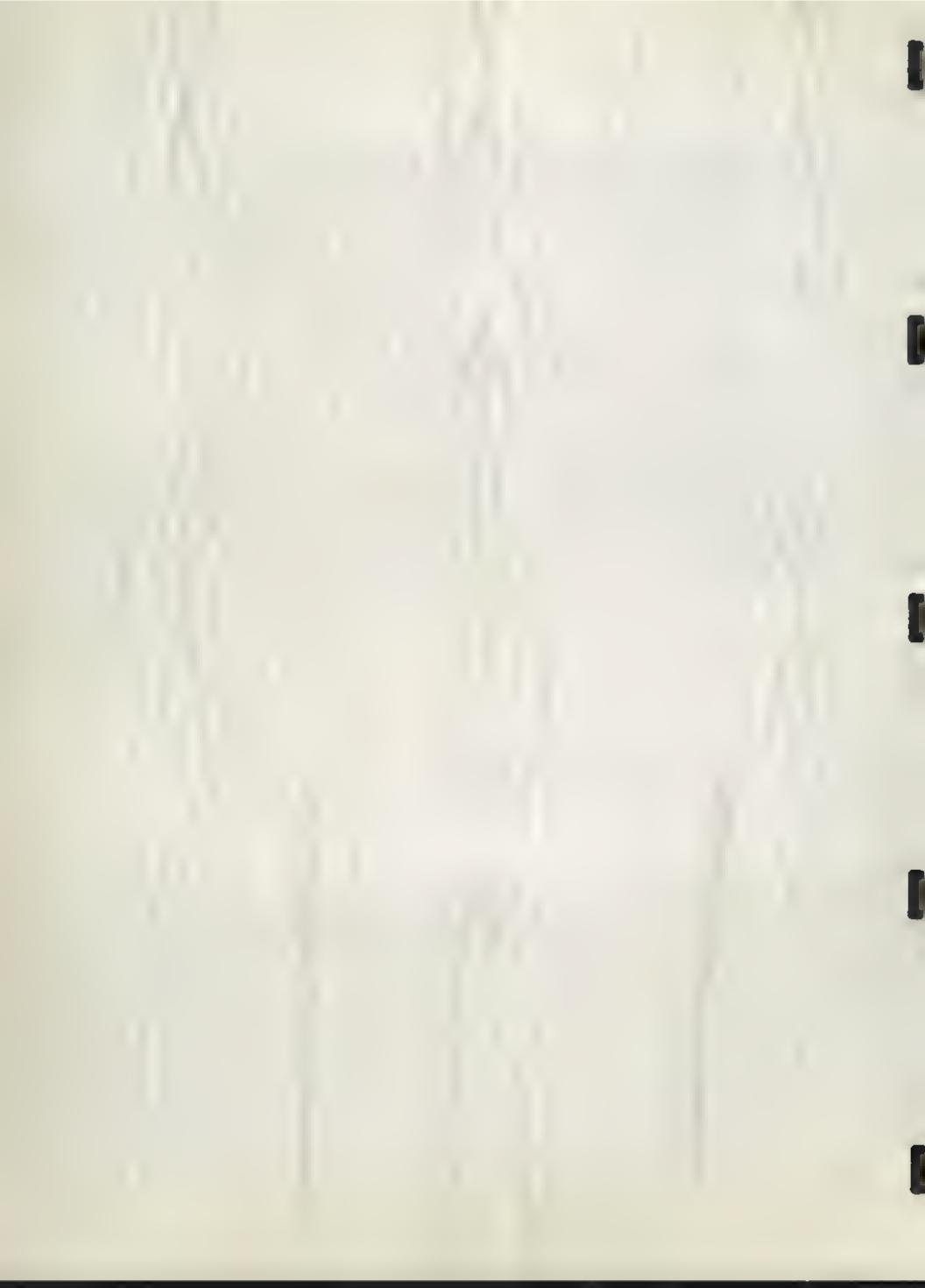
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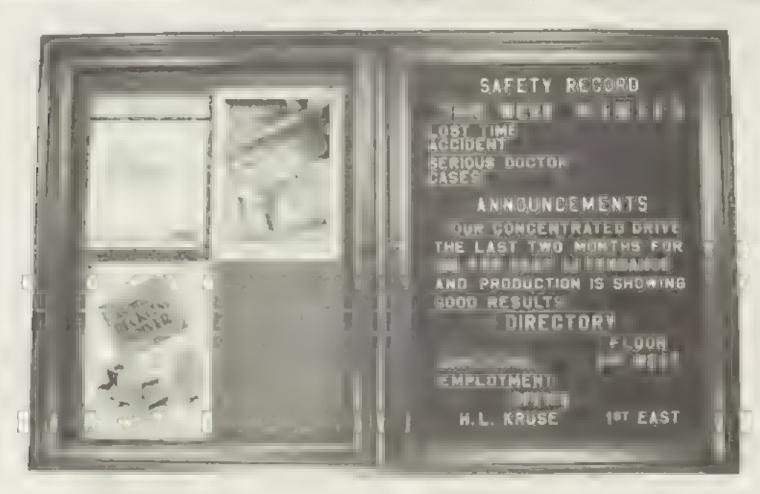
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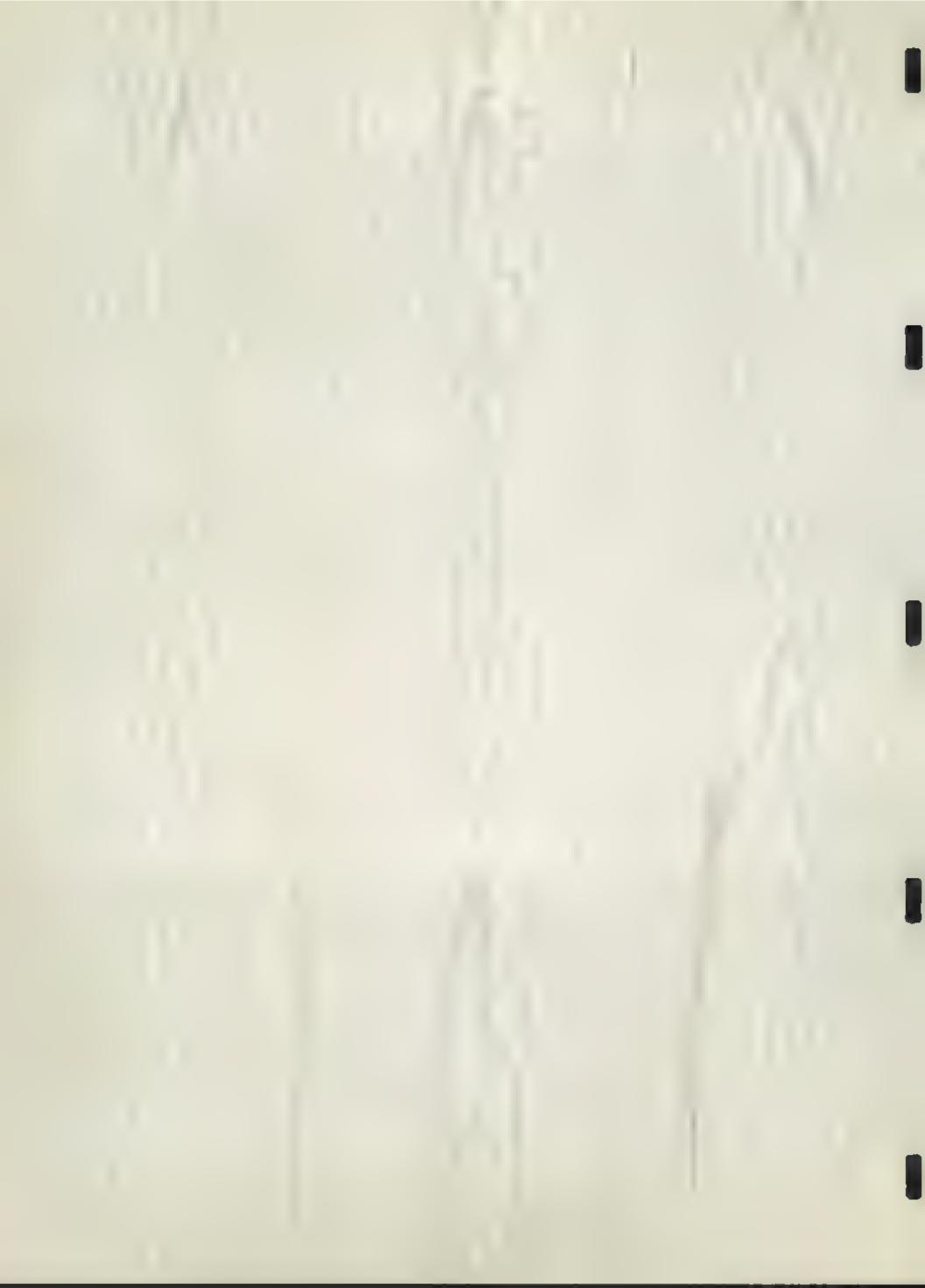
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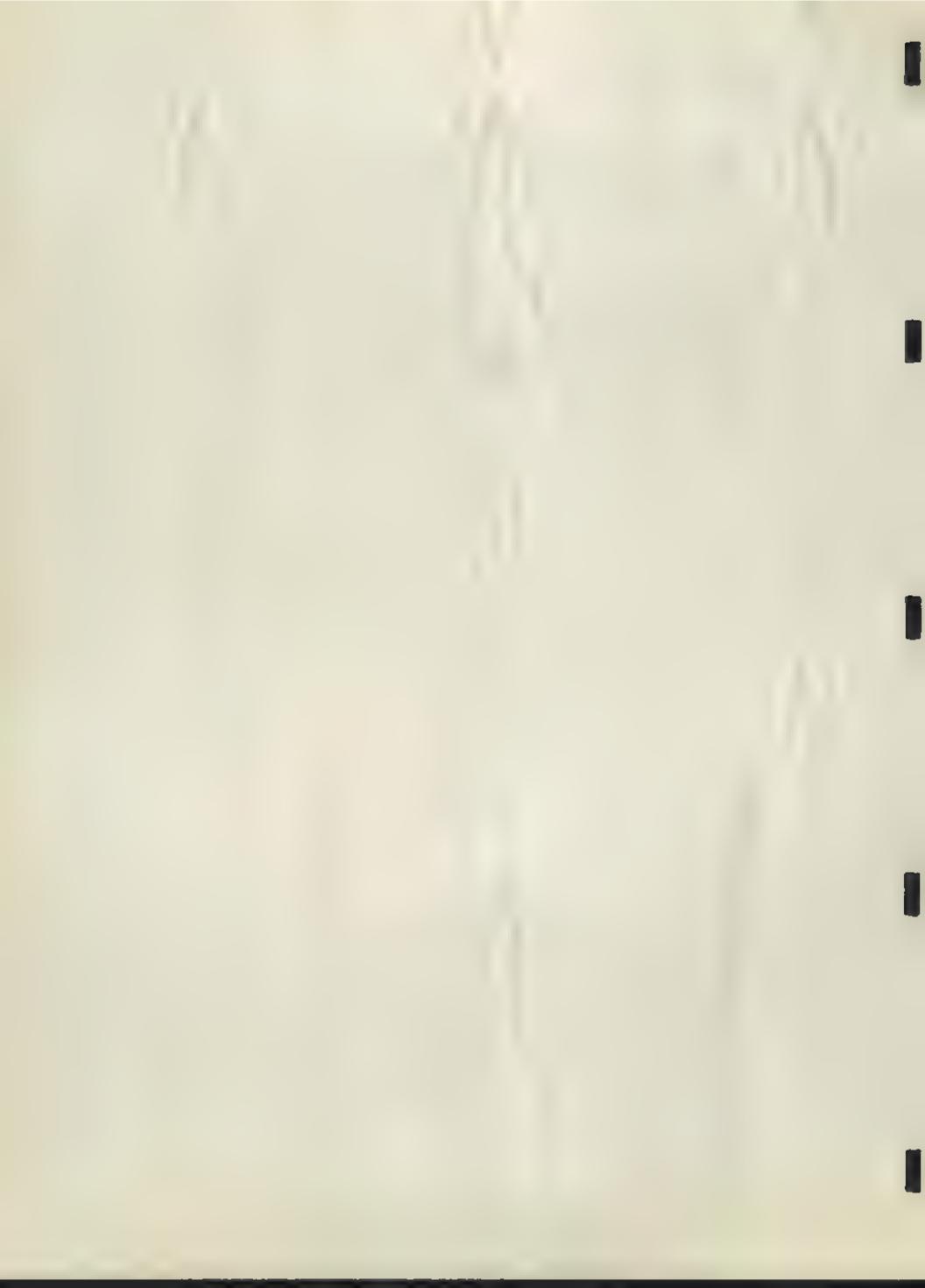


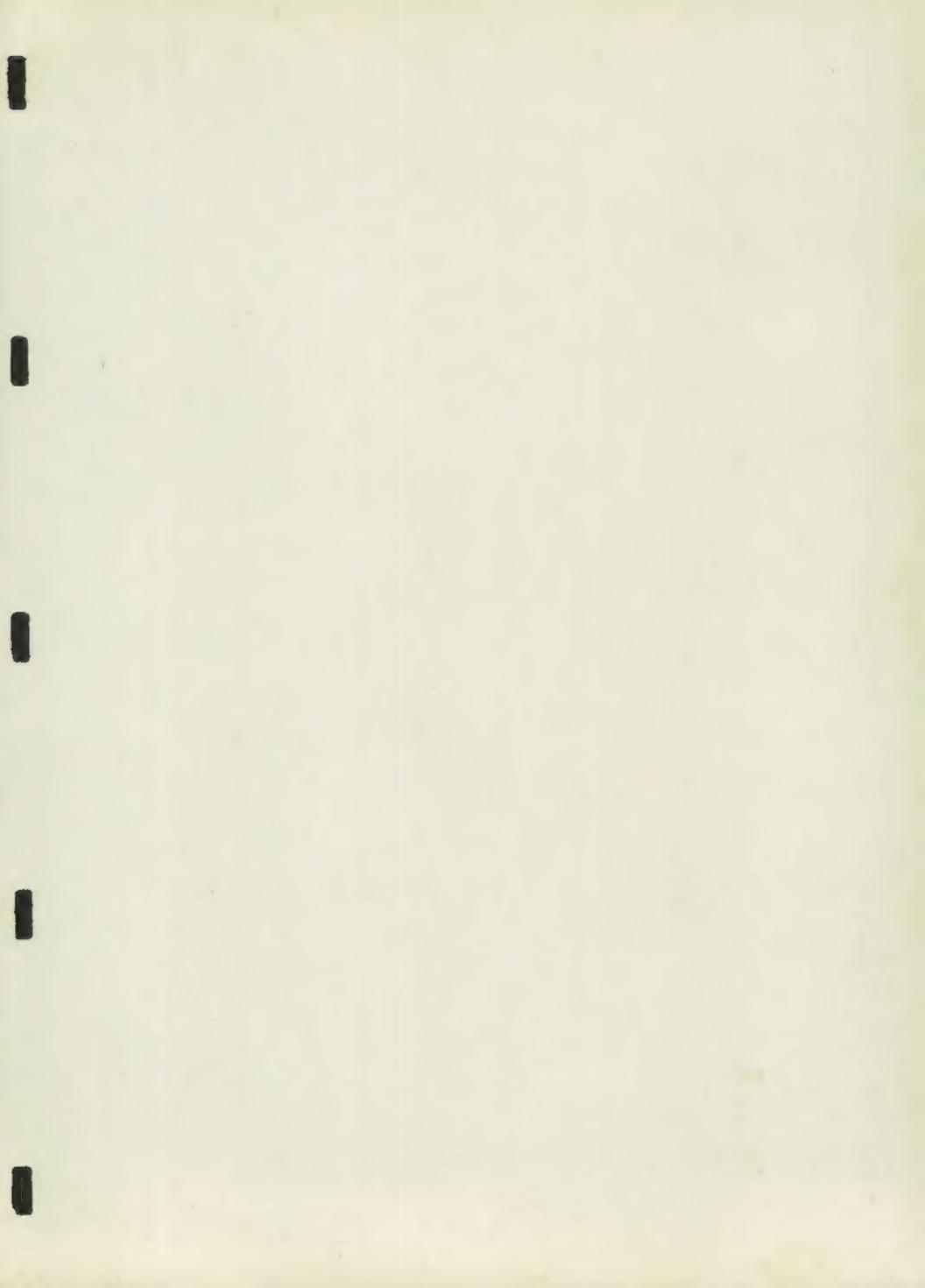


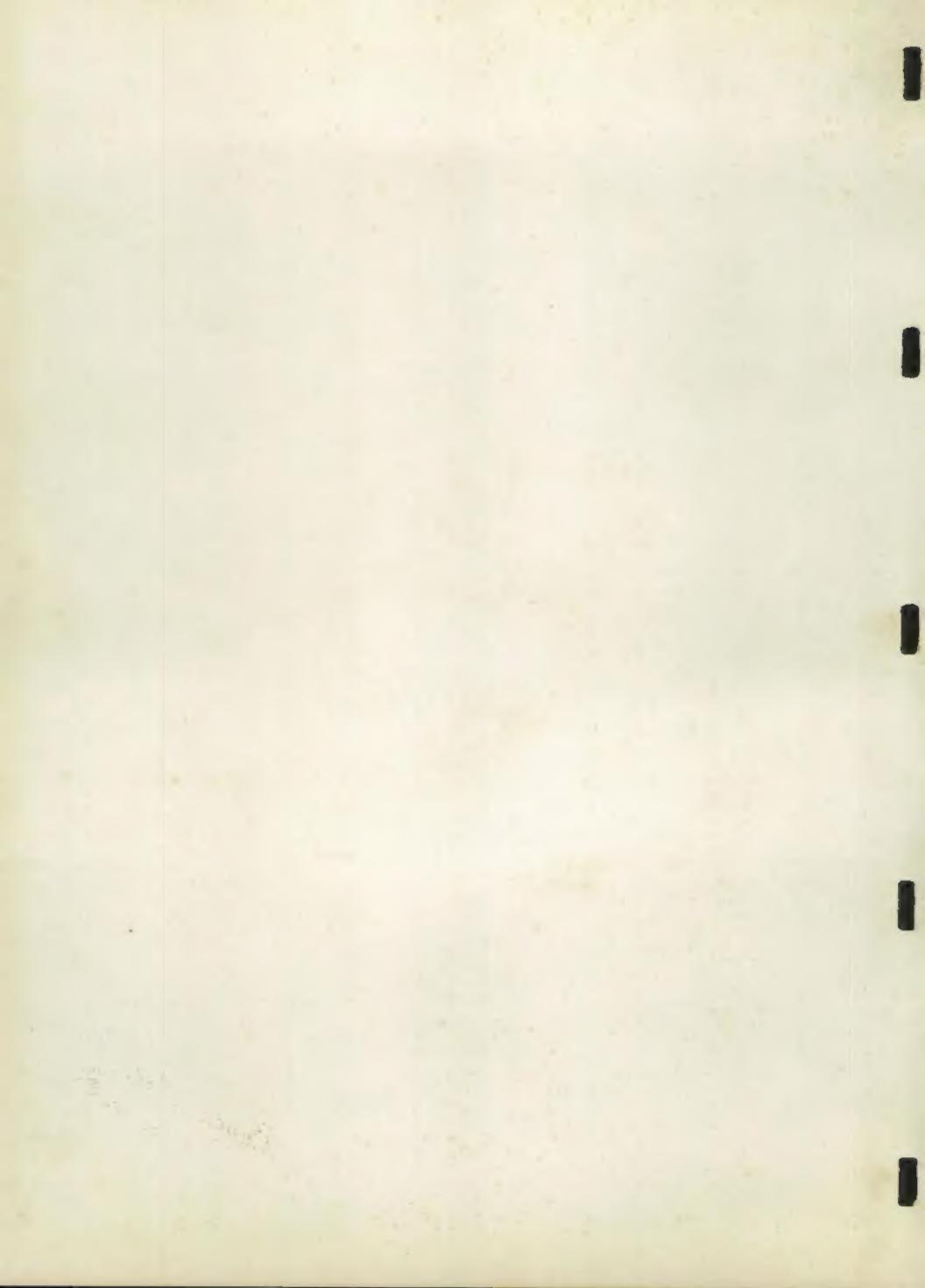
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